The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1921 NUMBER 339

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The Week

BOTH in London and Paris Colonel Harvey's recent speech is regarded as an expression of a disposition of the American government to act diplomatically in cooperation with the British government. We trust that this interpretation proves to be true. In respect to European politics American purposes and interests are much more nearly akin to British interests and purposes than they are to those of any continental Power. If they pursue different policies in Europe, it will be almost impossible to restore peace and prosperity to that continent. But if they act together they can probably succeed in the work of pacification in spite of any opposition from France or any other land Power. The failure to understand this condition of success was one of the many mistakes committed by Mr. Wilson, but the mistake has one advantage now. The present administration is the more likely to reach an understanding with Great Britain because its predecessor did not. The British government wants the diplomatic cooperation of the United States very badly. Do they want it badly enough to abandon the Anglo-Japanese treaty and to move in the direction of an Irish settlement? We shall see.

IN the five years of work of the Near East Relief, sixty million dollars, contributed by at least twenty million Americans, have been spent, with the result that a million people in Asia Minor, who might otherwise have died, are now alive. When this relief work was begun, it was expected that the necessity for it would cease with the end of the war. This has proved to be a delusion, for chaos has continued to such an extent that it has been impossible to return refugees to their homes, and renewed atrocities have turned more refugees loose on the world. The Turks, infuriated by the Allies' amputations of their territory, have sworn to take revenge, in particular on the Armenian protegés of the Allies. It is reported that Turkish Nationalists have declared that the mosques and minarets destroyed in their fighting with the French shall be rebuilt with Armenian skulls. Thanks to the political muddling of the Allies in the Near East, from which America is still aloof, the good work done by American generosity in the Near East is in danger of being destroyed.

IN the face of this desperate situation the Near East Relief Committee has taken a bold and unusual step. It has proposed definite political action, in the form of a memorial to all Americans, urging them to appeal to the government to act promptly and decisively in the Near East. The American government, it points out, is known to have no selfish designs in Asia Minor, and can afford to take leadership there. Let America see to it that the gifts of so many of her citizens shall not have gone for nothing. Let America see to it that the Allies demand, and enforce the demand, that exiled peoples be returned to their homes. Americans can appeal to the government without

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partisanship, since both parties' platforms declared their willingness to help the Armenians. Now is the time to redeem this pledge, says the Near East Relief; the time for us to show to the rest of the world that we are in earnest when we ask that the Christian peoples of Asia Minor be saved from destruction.

THE population of the districts of Upper Silesia occupied by Korfanty and his Polish insurgents were the first to suffer as the results of a raid that was to have freed them from "German Slavery." The Germans, feeling that Korfanty's supplies cannot hold out for more than two weeks, have naturally enough declared a food blockade. For some days no trains have crossed the borders of the occupied region, coal is piling up in the yards, in several of the towns there are bread, milk and meat famines, the milk intended for underfed Polish as well as German children cannot reach them, and there has been very little currency with which to pay the miners' wages. The Poles offered to retire far enough to insure a cessation of hostilities, provided the abandoned ground were occupied by Allied and not German troops. And there were rumors that Korfanty had ordered the demobilization of 10,000 of his rebels. Some at any rate of those ragged forces had been disbanded, or rather they dissolved into robber bands, which went kidnapping and plundering about the country. The situation was aggravated when a strong German force defeated Poles in the Grossteiner Forest, capturing a quantity of field guns, machine guns and rifles. So far the disorders have been more on the scale of murder than of civil war, but this latest battle looks ominously like the real thing.

HOW wages may be deflated, when deflation is necessary, without engendering the illwill and friction that usually attend the process, is illustrated by the arbitration in the New York printing trade. The arbitrators found that by April 1st the cost of living had fallen twelve per cent below the figures serving as a basis for the adjustment of last October. Accordingly a cut of twelve per cent in wages would leave the purchasing power of labor just where it was at that time. The arbitrators did not take the dogmatic position that the purchasing power of labor must necessarily be reduced in exactly that proportion. If the industry had been prosperous enough to warrant the retention of the present money wages, the arbitrators might have so ruled, notwithstanding the increase in the purchasing power of money. If the industry had been so seriously depressed as to be unable to pay the same commodity wages, the arbitrators might have fixed a rate representing a real lowering of the standard of living. The arbitrators did not find sufficient evidence of either prosperity or depression to justify a departure from the level of commodity wages fixed in the last award. Therefore they decided on a cut of twelve per cent in money wages, which leaves the workers' standard of living where it was in October. Naturally the workers would have preferred to retain some part at least of the benefit of falling prices. But they can not deny the fairness of the decision.

IT is to be hoped that a similar quality of fairness will mark the decision of the Railway Labor Board, to be announced June 1st. The condition of the railways in itself is not such as to justify an attempt to retain for labor the whole of the increase in real wages resulting from falling prices. Nor has the condition of railway labor been so desperate as to justify such an attempt. A reduction in wages not exceeding the actual decline in the cost of living would strike the average citizen as fair, since the average citizen's income has declined in some such proportion. It would not be gratefully received by railway labor, but neither would it be likely to produce profound disturbances. A deeper cut, intended to anticipate a presumptive further decline in wages cost, would be bitterly resented by labor, which has not forgotten that when cost of living was rising wages rates lagged far behind. There was never any attempt to anticipate a further increase in living costs. It would be manifestly unfair to anticipate a further decline.

ON the cover of the June Delineator appears the figure of a girl in a reddish sweater—appropriately enough, for inside is an article by our Vice-President on the "Enemies of the Republic," with the caption "Are the 'Reds' stalking our College Women?" While Mr. Coolidge asks that his words be taken rather as a "warning" than an indictment, he thinks that the Reds are stalking the women too successfully. He has studied the facts carefully, he knows exactly what has happened in the colleges, and passes on the "safety" of each one. Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr are fairly sane, Wellesley less so, Barnard and Wisconsin very doubtful, while Radcliffe seems to him to deserve its reputation as a "hotbed of Bolshevism." For the Radcliffe News—in May, 1917—hoped that colleges would find through the war "a means of active service to the principles of democracy and internationalism." The News also criticized the expulsion of the Socialists at Albany. An example

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of the kind of radicalism that alarms Mr. Coolidge is the fact that Miss Smith, of the faculty of Vassar, while listening to the Martens hearings "was quite favorably impressed by the Soviet ambassador . . ." All this leads him to various expressions of an incurably obtuse respectability, among them the conclusion that "adherence to radical doctrines means the ultimate breaking down of the old sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood." He admits that these doctrines are "gaining some hold here and there," but on the whole he is not pessimistic: "there is no doubt," he says, "that the heart of the women's colleges is sound." There is no doubt that the Vice-President's heart is sound, too. But as for his head . . .

EDWARD LINDGREN was arraigned before Judge Learned Hand of the Federal District Court last week, on an indictment charging him with circulating copies of the Communist, and so violating the postal section of the Espionage act. There was also a state charge of "criminal anarchy" against him, for which bail was fixed at $5,000. The United States District Attorney, George W. Taylor, asked for heavy bail, on the old familiar ground that Lindgren "advocated principles dangerous to organized government and the present institutions of society." Ordinarily he might have got what he asked for, but Judge Hand said: "Institutions which cannot stand up against this sort of propaganda are already lost. I am not afraid of any amount of it. This" (pointing to a copy of the Communist) "is a safety valve." And he fixed Lindgren's bail at $2,000—the traditional sum being nearer $10,000. This incident does not prove that our judges are recovering from hysteria; it is merely additional proof that Judge Hand—for a sanity no less wise than brave in these times—is an unusual judge.

THE army, thinks President Harding, is not a police force, and he has wisely refused to send federal troops to Mingo County, West Virginia, in spite of Governor Morgan's cry that the shootings between union and non-union miners, or between company detectives and gunmen and miners, had gone beyond the control of his own state. President Harding writes to the Governor that he "is not convinced that West Virginia has exhausted all its own resources . . . in the performance of the duty clearly belonging to it," and that until he is so convinced he will not order federal troops to go to Mingo. We congratulate the President for this exercise of cool judgment. If there has been anarchy in Mingo County, it is the fault of the State of West Virginia, which has never even discouraged the mine owners in their position—a position of obstinate insistence upon an anti-union closed-shop for the miners, backed by wholesale evictions and violence. While men are human and value liberty, the answer to violence is likely to be violence. West Virginia can remove the cause of this particular violence if it cares to, and until it tries to, it should deal with whatever disorders result by its own means and not by crying for help to Washington.

IT required a high degree of courage for Governor Hugh M. Dorsey of Georgia to publish his "Black Book," which was a circumstantial list of samples of outrages, persecutions of Negroes in some twenty-five counties of his state. The Governor must have known what a storm of hatred and denunciation would break over his head. The storm has now broken. It is of course, partly inspired by politics. Senator Olive and Governor-elect Hardwick have violently attacked him. A judge of the Circuit Court, W. E. Searcy, in spite of the anonymity of the pamphlet, recognizes himself as the magistrate accused of having sentenced to five months in the chain gang a Negro who resisted the encroachment of an illiterate white on his land, and is infuriated. "I limit the witnesses in this case," he says to the Governor, "to the white people, as I do not care to enter the field against you in procuring Negro witnesses, which seems to be your forte." The Governor answers that Judge Searcy has lost his "judicial calm," and that "if the Negro in question was sent to the chain gang or fined one cent the courthouses of Georgia ought to be torn down." With a governor of this mettle Georgia should be trusted to clean her own house.

The Kansas Challenge to Unionism

WHETHER the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations will ultimately take its place among the institutions on which civilization may rest securely, or whether it must presently be relegated to the scrap heap of inventions that will not work, are questions on which the cautious student of economic and social movements may properly maintain an open mind. Most political inventions look more promising or more dangerous in prospectus and in their first application than in the gray light of extended experience. It is none the less worth while to examine the case for the Kansas Industrial Court, as it appears to those

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who most firmly believe in it. This case has now been argued in full detail by the man who, if not its inventor, is chiefly responsible for its practical realization, Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas, in a book entitled The Party of the Third Part.

The reader will of course not require of a busy executive and his efficient secretary a perfect specimen of literary composition. The book is rather scrappy, padded with long and unilluminating quotations, occasionally repetitious and too frequently dogmatic and narrowly partisan. Governor Allen has apparently had bad luck in his choice of friends among labor leaders and has concluded that the chief motives animating such leaders are desire for prestige and fat salaries. A hundred and fifty years ago Adam Smith expressed a similar opinion of the motives of the men who were leading the American people toward political independence. "Almost every individual of the governing party in America fills at present, in his own fancy, a station superior not only to whatever he had filled before, but to whatever he had ever expected to fill." But Adam Smith added, "Unless some new object of ambition is presented either to him or to his leaders, if he has the ordinary spirit of a man he will die in defense of that station." Governor Allen might profitably have recognized that the forces of labor leadership, actual and potential, are not likely to be dissipated by a breath, even from an industrial court.

Nevertheless, Governor Allen and his court do present a challenge to unionism that the leaders of labor can not afford to ignore. That challenge is well expressed in the title of the Governor's book, The Party of the Third Part. Labor and capital quarrel and fight; the general public is forced to freeze or to go hungry. Whoever wins or loses, the general public suffers, and in the end very likely has to pay the whole cost of the war and a punitive indemnity besides. The general public had no hand in bringing on the fight. It is ordinarily given no voice in deciding whether the struggle shall go on or be composed. The general public has no vote on the terms of settlement. Is it strange that the general public should sometimes roar its indignation through the mouths of such spokesmen as Governor Allen, or that it should eventually assert the right to take the settlement of disputes out of the hands of the contesting parties, as Kansas has done? If the leaders of labor do not wish the Kansas policy to be widely adopted through other states, they cannot afford to waste time in making it clear that they recognize their responsibility to the public and that general interests as well as class interests are determining their attitude.

In the Carnegie Hall debate between Governor Allen and President Gompers the Governor put a question to which the general public demands an answer. "When a dispute between capital and labor brings on a strike affecting the production or distribution of the necessaries of life, thus threatening the public peace and impairing the public health, has the public any rights in such a controversy, or is it a private war between capital and labor?" That was an unfair question to ask in a debate, of course. If Mr. Gompers had replied yes, he would immediately have been challenged to set forth his views as to how the rights of the public might be vindicated, and that would have required a treatise, not a half dozen sentences evolved on the spur of the moment. But the general public may properly keep this question standing before the leaders of labor, to be answered by their policies.

Are we to accept the thesis of the extreme defenders of trade union methods that the interest of the public is in the long run identical with the interest of labor, and that therefore the public ought to bear with good grace the inconveniences and sufferings incident to the labor struggle? There are more grounds for accepting this thesis than at first appear. Experience has amply demonstrated that private business, if left to itself, will hold labor to lower wages and longer hours than a due consideration of the permanent economic interests of society would warrant. In fighting for better conditions of employment, then, labor is working toward a richer as well as a happier state. Experience has demonstrated that unorganized masses of workmen, denied the hope of a satisfactory condition under the existing system, readily espouse the most extreme revolutionary doctrines. If improvement through evolution instead of revolution is what the general public wants, it can afford to be indulgent toward many trade union faults. A successful unionism will be slow to sink its gains in a flood of revolutionary impulses. Again, the future of the mass of the general public is the future of labor. Most persons of the next generation and the next will have their condition of life determined by the status labor wins for itself. Organized labor may continue to be a minority of those who work for wages, but the presence in the body of labor of large groups that negotiate on equal terms with their employers must influence even the unorganized to carry themselves like free men and women. Successful unionism is good for the morale of labor generally.

All this and much more may be said in support of the thesis that the public interest is advanced by improvement in the position of organized labor.

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But such arguments have too much of the character of an afterthought. Orthodox trade unionism of the Gompers school has its attention pretty exclusively concentrated on itself. "We mean to raise our wages. We mean to reduce our hours. We mean to do this for our own benefit, and if outsiders are hurt in the fight, it is too bad, but we can't stop on account of that. If our employers can't pay us what we demand at the present price of our product, let them raise the price of the product." Now, we submit, the general public must be abnormally philosophical to sympathize unreservedly with such an attitude. And if the government proposes, as an alternative to unionism, a scheme for the judicial settlement of disputes which seems to promise a reasonably rapid improvement in the lot of labor, the general public is not unlikely to be attracted to it. Orthodox unionism will have to clear up its policies and look sharp to its strategy if it is to meet the challenge of Kansas.

But there is another type of unionism in existence, a type which now passes for revolutionary with the employers and with Mr. Gompers and the labor leaders of his generation. This type of unionism addresses itself directly to the general public interest. Its aim is not merely to raise wages and cut hours, but to win a share in the control of industry and to assume a share in the responsibility for maintaining production. It recognizes that there are definite limits upon the gains that are to be had through the process of reducing hours and raising money wages. Whatever is to be gained beyond these limits must come from an increase in efficiency—such an increase as could be attained if every laborer felt impelled to do his best. This is the unionism of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, of the Plumb Plan League, of the British coal miners. If Governor Allen had challenged any labor leader imbued with the spirit of this kind of unionism to admit or deny the rights of the general public, the challenge would have been accepted without hesitation. Mr. Sidney Hilman would have made it clear in a very few words that when the public is asked to endure the hardships incidental to a struggle with capital, it is asked to endure them for the sake of a scheme of industrial organization which not only offers hope to the worker, but a promise of better workmanship and more certain supply to the public.

The Kansas plan is not formally hostile to unionism, but within the field placed under the control of the industrial court, unionism has so limited a scope for action that it can hardly be expected to thrive. With the state government and the court as friendly to labor as they appear to be in Kansas, there may be ground for arguing that greater improvements in the condition of labor may be gained without a struggle than can be gained through conventional trade unionism at great cost to labor and capital and the general public. But the Kansas plan contemplates the perpetuation of the present system in its pristine purity, with all control and all responsibility resting with capital, and the wage earner held responsible only for such performance as may be necessary to hold his job.

It is not sufficient to argue that the worker becomes a serf under the Kansas system. He might, if the court were owned by capital, but it need not be owned by capital in states where the majority of the voters are manual workers—as they are everywhere. What the court necessarily does is to fix the status of the worker as a mere wage earner. But what other status does Mr. Gompers and the ruling faction of the A. F. of L. now contemplate? If the A. F. of L. is ever to meet the challenge of Kansas squarely it will have to borrow the ideals and the program of the new unionism. Then it can promise not only a square deal to the wage earner, which a court could give, but a new spirit and an increased efficiency in industry, which can be won only through victorious struggle.

The Victory of the Amalgamated

THE Amalgamated Garment Workers, it is now certain, have won a decisive victory in their prolonged and bitter fight against the faction among the New York clothing manufacturers who declared a war on the union and its policies. The majority of the employers have abandoned the contest and are negotiating with the union for a new contract similar to the one which they denounced last winter. It is a great and well-deserved victory, won by the most progressive element in the American trades union movement. At a time when unionism is being attacked and undermined all over the country, when strikes rarely if ever succeed, when economic conditions are fighting on the side of the employer and when many of the judges have not scrupled to do what they could to embarrass organized labor, one union which had to contend against all of these obstacles and discouragements has managed to pull through a costly and lengthy strike entirely victorious.

The Amalgamated triumphed by virtue of its superior morale. The New York clothing manufacturers are on the whole a disorganized group of cut-throat competitors, many of whom live from

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hand to mouth and are not united by any sufficient bond of interest and principle. When they started out to destroy the union in New York, their plan was not approved by the better organized clothing manufacturers in Rochester and Chicago, and the Amalgamated was able to draw valuable support from union members in those cities who were earning more directly as the result of the lock-out of their New York brethren. On the other hand, the Amalgamated itself is perhaps the best disciplined and most ably directed union in the United States. It has consistently stood for an aggressive and progressive policy which its leaders explained and discussed at its annual meetings and which consequently was understood and supported by the rank and file of the membership. A union of this kind may apparently suffer from dissensions during prosperity, for it cannot cultivate vitality of intellectual attitude towards its problems without permitting sharp differences of opinion. But, when attacked, its members rally to it with unusual loyalty, because they believe in its underlying idea. In the case of the Amalgamated there were practically no defections among its members during a strike which lasted for months and forced the strikers to endure severe hardships. Its unusually sound morale was in part the result of a division in the ranks of its opponents and in part of the confidence of its members in their leaders, but it was chiefly the result of the moral bond, within the union, of a common and a partly disinterested social purpose.

The policy of the Amalgamated differs fundamentally from that of the majority of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, in that it is not satisfied to fight merely for high wages, short hours and improved working conditions. Its leaders understand that high wages, short hours and improved working conditions are impossible unless industry is efficient and productive, and they have systematically labored to establish in the clothing industry scientific standards of production, by which the efficiency of the managers and the workers could both be measured. It has the reputation of being a radical union. It is a radical union in the sense that it proposes participation by the workers in the management of the clothing industry. It is radical in the sense that it is deliberately seeking a different organization of the industry from that which has prevailed in the past. But the different organization which it seeks to bring about is also a more efficient organization. It is willing and eager to have the work of its members disciplined and improved by scientific standards, but it insists that equally scientific standards shall be applied to the work of the management. If the workers are asked to labor with wholehearted energy for the industry as a public service, they have a right to ask in return that the fruits of their labor be not dissipated by inefficient management or absorbed by gross profiteering.

The organization of the clothing industry which the New York manufacturers tried to destroy, when they locked out their employees last winter, was a step in the direction of higher efficiency and joint responsibility. It recognized and sought to apply scientific standards of production to which both parties consented by means of collective bargaining. When the two parties could not adjust their differences they called in, not a temporary arbitrator, but a permanent impartial chairman. It was the business of this chairman, not so much to propose a compromise between conflicting claims, as to analyze the nature of the conflict and to seek a settlement which embodied that which is beneficial for the industry in the claims of both parties. That is why he needed to be a permanent official, equipped with a staff sufficient to keep a cost accounting record of the industry and fully informed as to every aspect of its operations. It was an interesting and profoundly significant experiment in two-party industrial organization in the interest of efficiency and stability. The attempt to destroy it was culpable and the public will benefit even more than the manufacturers or the workers from the failure of the lockout. There is reason to believe that the majority of the employers will soon sign a new agreement along the old lines.

The Spirit of Chief Justice White

BY the death of Chief Justice White there disappears from the American scene one of the few remaining salient personalities which were moulded during the years immediately succeeding the war. Among those personalities Justice White was not the least interesting. He was a man of positive character and of subtle, ingenious and sophisticated intelligence, who brought to the work of Chief Justice a carefully elaborated political and judicial philosophy. We shall later deal at some length with the influence which he exerted on American jurisprudence during his term of office, but here we wish chiefly to call attention to the general conception of American constitutional law and government which gave form to his personal work and for this purpose there exists one document of unique value. On June 16th, 1916, he himself responded to the resolutions passed by the Bar on the death of Mr. Justice Lamar with a short address which is almost a perfect interpretation of his own

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legal philosophy and an accurate account of the influences by which it was formed. Unlike Mr. Lamar, Mr. White actually participated in the Civil War, but in all other respects he is in this tribute testifying for himself as well as for his dead colleague. We reprint it consequently herewith, convinced that by so doing we are reproducing an autobiography of Chief Justice White in his relation to his public work as well as a curiously interesting sample of the mixed scholasticism and pragmatism of his mind.

"Too young to have been a participant in the Civil War, he was yet old enough to have appreciated the anguish of that appalling conflict, the multitude of noble lives on both sides which were forever stilled, the homes made desolate, the fields wasted, and the blight of a destroyed society and of nearly all prosperity which came, at least, in one section, as a result of that struggle—impressions which in the very nature of things indelibly stamped upon his developing life the dread consequences which necessarily would follow in the wake of a disintegrated union and a destroyed national life. He was, moreover, old enough to have understood and appreciated the anguish, more appalling than the calamity of the war, of the period which followed in its wake, and thus to have also impressed upon his nature beyond the possibility of forgetfulness the destruction of individual right which would arise from reducing the states to mere dependent vassals deprived of local autonomy and to be governed from afar by a centralized government, whether of executive power or of bureaucratic authority. Thus indubitably, my belief is, it resulted that when by training his mind came to explore the sources of our constitutional life, his opinions came to be composite; that is, in his mind there resulted, as it were, a fusion of state and national power, united but not destroyed, both cooperating to the perpetuation of the other. In other words, his opinions came by a natural process to embody the very concepts upon which our institutions must rest.

"Reared virtually in the atmosphere of an agricultural community, when by the force of his ability he came in later life to consider a wider range—that is, the relation to each other of diverse and seemingly conflicting activities and the possibility of coordinating and preserving them all—it also seems to me clear that the process which had shaped his convictions as to our constitutional government came to mould his opinions on the subjects just stated. In other words, he came fully to appreciate that to assume a society resting solely upon the pursuit of agriculture and which would be confined to that relation was a negation of the existence of society itself, which in its very essence embodies the complex resultants of all the activities of human life, giving rise to the corresponding duty to harmonize and adjust them to each other so that they all might live and develop for the blessing and advancement of mankind.

"In practice it may be said that these ultimate convictions were applied by Mr. Justice Lamar in his discharge of judicial duty in a threefold aspect: First, the relation of the activities of individuals and their results to each other; second, the relation between the power of the states and that of the nation; and, third, the obligation and effect of the limitations imposed upon all government as the consequence of those great guarantees in favor of individual right forming an inherent part of our constitutional system. As to the first, it is enough to say that the opinions expressed by Mr. Justice Lamar in the performance of his duties here afford apt examples of the keenness of his appreciation of the duty to adjust between conflicting activities so as to preserve the rights of all by protecting the rights of each. As to the second, intensely local as were his affections and his ties, nothing is more clearly portrayed by his work on this bench than the broad conception which he entertained of the duty to uphold and sustain the authority of the Union as to the subjects coming within the legitimate scope of its power as conferred by the Constitution. As to the third, no determination could be more complete that that afforded by his work of the fixed opinion on his part as to the duty to uphold and perpetuate the great guarantees of individual freedom as declared by the Constitution, to the end that the freedom of all might not pass away forever.

"Convinced as he was from his study of the sources of our constitutional institutions that their enjoyment was dependent upon the limitations in favor of individual right which the Constitution expressed, and that such limitations were essential to secure us from the anguish and turmoil and tyranny and the disappearance of freedom which had always resulted where such guarantees did not exist or were not adhered to, he had come to feel that for the purpose of their preservation he was but a trustee for the millions who were to come. His mind was too penetrating to listen for a moment to the suggestion that freedom would be secured by destroying principles which were essential to its preservation or that wrong would result unless truths which were eternal were violated. Thus controlled, his work on this bench leaves no room to doubt that no thought of expediency, no mere conviction about economic problems, no belief that the guarantees were becoming obsolete

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or that their enforcement would incur popular odium ever swayed his unalterable conviction and irrevocable purpose to uphold and protect the great guarantees with every faculty which he possessed. In considering such questions there shone ever in his heart the light of Georgia firesides and the great duty he owed to those firesides, indeed, to every individual, not only in Georgia but elsewhere, to see to it that by no act of his did the inherent principles of individual freedom guaranteed by the Constitution fail to receive enforcement or their efficacy become impaired by misconception or misrepresentation."

Depression: A Way Out

AMERICA, it is worth repeating again and again, is still in a state of inevitable expansion of the home market. In default of foreign markets, we can apply all our productive energies to our own uses. There is, to be sure, a glamour about colossal figures for foreign trade, while the figures for domestic transactions rarely strike our attention. Nevertheless it may often be the case that an additional billion dollars' worth of goods marketed at home means more than an additional billion marketed abroad. When economic intelligence was at its dawn there was some excuse for the illusion that enrichment of a nation could come out of foreign trade alone; that in domestic trade what one citizen gained another lost. Today even the most obtuse ought to realize that there is no essential difference between trade across national lines and trade across state or county lines. The enrichment of individual and nation arises out of the fact that each party to a trading transaction affords a market for the other and thus establishes a value which justifies further production. Sell the farmer a binder and take his wheat in exchange; that will justify him in producing more wheat and the manufacturer in producing more binders. And it is in such tangible things that national enrichment consists.

At the present time every American industry is suffering for want of a market, and production is in consequence at a low ebb. But could we not create the market, if we set about it, a market independent of the diplomatic manoeuverings that have ruined our foreign markets? We could; there can be no doubt of it. There is need for a million private dwellings. That is not merely a prospective need; the millions of American families now thrust into quarters that would be sufficiently occupied otherwise would move into the new dwellings promptly and pay the rents necessary to endow them with fair value. Besides, our population is increasing at a rate of three millions a year. Where will we put the fifteen million newcomers we shall have with us in 1926 if we build hardly more than enough to make good the fire loss and the depredations of time and weather? In this one construction item we have a present demand, certain to be fortified by more urgent future demand, which at a minimum estimate would measure five billions of dollars. Five billions could be laid out on building materials and the services of transportation and building. And if five billions were being energetically laid out in this way, there is hardly an American industry that would not feel an impetus to expansion. For to those who performed the service the five billions would represent incomes to be spent on all the commodities that satisfy human need.

But are there not obstacles to be surmounted before we can proceed to the supplying of this demand, certain and nationally profitable as it is? Certainly there are, but if we examine their nature, we shall see no ground in them for passive discouragement. There is no difficulty about the supply of labor. With three million unemployed, there is labor enough and to spare. Grant that we could not forthwith turn all the unemployed into producers of building materials and building workmen; there is plenty of qualified labor to be had in every branch of the industry. Nor is there any difficulty about the requisite funds. Our financial system is strong enough to provide funds for every solvent project. The real obstacles lie nearer the surface. We have got ourselves tied up in such hopeless knots of inflation and irregular deflation that we cannot build at prices that can be counted on to stand, even though such prices would be adequate to satisfy the legitimate demands of those who participated in the building enterprise. Nobody could afford to build at a cost of ten thousand dollars a house that two years hence could be constructed for seventy-five hundred. No financial enterprise could safely engage its credit in such a project. The essential problem is that of putting building costs promptly down to the level where they may be expected to stand. They will come down to that level, in time, by a process of decay. But are we so far from the reign of economic reason that we must leave our affairs to the conduct of the processes of decay—processes which inevitably extend their noisome influence far beyond the members they are expected to heal?

The only present alternative to decay is organized action. The prices of brick and cement and lumber are high. Are they too high? There

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may be profiteering here, but whether there is or not, the prices have to remain high when production goes on, as now, spasmodically, in the face of grave uncertainties as to the market. Production costs could be materially lowered if an eager market invited full and continuous operation. Freight rates on building materials are too high. They are said to be over a hundred per cent above the 1917 level, a significant fact in view of the large proportion freight charges make in the cost of building. But the railways are not making too much money even at present rates. They could afford to cut them, nevertheless, if they were assured of a vast increase in traffic through a building boom. Labor costs are too high. But building laborers as a class are none too prosperous. They cannot afford to work at lower wages per hour, or give more performance in the hour, so long as employment is as slack as it is at present. It might be different if in accepting a cut in unit costs, labor was assured of full employment.

We believe that there is no reason for doubting that if all the interests having to do with the building trade, the employers and laborers in the material industry, in transportation, and in construction would get together, and each interest would cut its claims in good faith to the lowest point it could afford under conditions of full employment, every single interest could be placed at once on a higher level of prosperity and the whole industry could go ahead under full steam, supplying the nation's housing requirements and at the same time giving a great impetus to the general recovery of industry.

But getting together is absolutely essential. No single interest could afford to go ahead on its own initiative and deflate its claims. What would be the use in cutting transportation charges, alone? The material men would advance prices to take up the slack and the railways would have their losses for their pains. What would be the use in labor's accepting lower wages or in giving more for its money? The contractors, the truckmen or the material men would absorb the benefit, leaving the industry as flat as before.

Now, it is in just such an effort of organization that it is reasonable to expect the administration to take the lead. The administration enjoys great prestige with the business interests. It has prestige with labor still to win, but labor is now in a state of mind in which it would respond to an invitation to join in a national effort to put the construction industry on a sound basis. An understanding, not compulsion, is the one thing needed. But an attempt at organization under administration auspices would have ten chances of succeeding to the one chance of success of an attempt made by the interested parties alone. It could not so readily degenerate into a conspiracy to deflate labor without deflating anything else, or a fruitless struggle, in which each interest strove to hold a profiteering position while counselling a cost basis for all other interests. For quite apart from its prestige, the government does, after all, hold considerable powers of compulsion in reserve. It can at least expose the obstinate profiteer. And it is hard to believe that there is any interest that would not make considerable concessions to fairness rather than incur even the penalties of publicity.

The New Republic does not subscribe to the theory that the ultimate prosperity of America is bound up with the control of the conditions of life by the business interests or even by the business interests cooperating with organized labor. But the American people placed in power an administration representative of that theory. An emergency has arisen which such an administration ought to be able to cope with, if it is anything more than a papier maché shield behind which the unorganized business interests may fight for profiteering position without restraint. The nation is suffering from unemployment and depression. There is no need why it should continue to do so, when the conditions of construction are such as they are. And if the administration fails to take the responsible part in the matter, it will have demonstrated once for all that the business theory of government is a pure delusion. The administration will have proved itself incompetent to conserve even the permanent business interests of the nation, not to speak of the broader social interests involved.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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H. L. Mencken

I

A MAN has withdrawn from the tumult of American life into the seclusion of a house in Baltimore. He is unmarried and has surrounded himself with three thousand books. From this point of vantage he watches the twentieth century with detached and ironic dismay. A not ungenial materialist, he reflects that all human activities are, after all, mainly physical in origin: inspiration is a function of metabolism; death is an acidosis; love is a biological phenomenon; idealism is insanity. But the body is capable of much enjoyment; why worry about its obvious supremacy? As long as there is Chicken à la Maryland and plenty of liquor from the boot-leggers, as long as it is possible to read Conrad and hear Bach and Beethoven occasionally, why should a man of aristocratic temperament be particularly disturbed about anything? Let the capitalist exploit the wage-slave and the wage-slave blow up the capitalist; let political charlatans and scoundrels pick the pockets of the Republic; let the women run the men to ground and the men break their hearts for the women; let the people go off to the wars and destroy each other by the billion. They can never rob Mencken of his sleep nor spoil a single dinner for him. Outside, it is all a question of Christianity and democracy, but Mencken does not believe in either, so why should he take part in the brawl? What has he to do with the mob except to be diverted by its idiocy? He may occasionally attend a political convention to gratify a "taste for the obscene" or entertain his speculative mind by predicting the next catastrophe, but, on the whole, the prodigious din and activity and confusion of the nation roars along without touching him particularly; it is all to him "but as the sound of lyres and flutes." . . .

Something like this is the comic portrait which Mencken has painted of himself; he has even pretended that it is the character in which he prefers to be accepted. But there is, behind this comic mask, a critic, an evangelist and an artist; there is a mind of extraordinary vigor and a temperament of extraordinary interest, and neither of these has ever yet been examined as seriously as it should have been. Mencken has been left far too much to the rhapsodies of his disciples and the haughty sneers of his opponents. Indeed, he has assumed such importance as an influence in American thought that it is high time some one subjected him to a drastic full-length analysis. The present writer has only space for the briefest of suggestions.

II

The striking things about Mencken's mind are its ruthlessness and its rigidity. It has all the courage in the world in a country where courage is rare. He has even had the fearlessness to avoid the respectable and the wholesome, those two devils which so often betray in the end even the most intelligent of Americans. He fought outspokenly against optimism, Puritanism and democratic ineptitude, at a time when they had but few foes. It is well to remember, now that these qualities have become stock reproaches among the intelligentsia, that it was Mencken who began the crusade against them at a lonely and disregarded post and that we owe to him much of the disfavor into which they have recently fallen,—and also that it was Mencken who first championed the kind of American literary activity of which we have now become proudest. But the activity of his mind is curiously cramped by its extreme inflexibility. In the first place, as a critic, he is not what is called "sympathetic." His criticisms deal but little with people from their own point of view: he simply brings the other man's statements and reactions to the bar of his own dogma and, having judged them by that measure, proceeds to accept or reject them. Though one of the fairest of critics, he is one of the least pliant.

In the second place, in spite of his scepticism and his frequent exhortations to hold one's opinions lightly, he himself has been conspicuous for seizing upon simple dogmas and sticking to them with fierce tenacity. When he is arguing his case against democracy or Christianity, he reminds one rather of Bishop Manning or Dr. Straton than of Renan or Anatole France. The true sceptics like Renan or France see both the truth and weakness of every case; they put themselves in the place of people who believe differently from themselves and finally come to sympathize with them,—almost, to accept their point of view. But Mencken, once having got his teeth into an idea, can never be induced to drop it, and will only shake his head and growl when somebody tries to tempt him with something else.

Thus, in 1908, when he published his admirable book on Nietzsche, he had reached a certain set of conclusions upon society and ethics. Humanity, he had come to believe, is divided into two classes: the masters and the slaves. The masters are able and courageous men who do whatever they like and are not restrained by any scruples save those that promote their own interest; the slaves are a

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race of wretched underlings, stupid, superstitious and untrustworthy, who have no rights and no raison d'être except to be exploited by the masters. To talk of equality and fraternity is the most fatuous of nonsense: there is as much difference in kind between the masters and the slaves as there is between men and animals.

Therefore, Christianity is false because it asserts that all souls are worth saving and democracy is a mistake because it emancipates the slaves and tries to make them the masters. It is absurd to try to correct the evolutionary process which would allow the fittest to survive and the weaklings and fools to go under. "I am," Mr. Mencken has said, "against the under dog every time." But things are getting more and more democratic and consequently worse and worse. What we need is an enlightened aristocracy to take charge of society. But there has never been any such aristocracy and we are certainly not going to produce one. In the meantime, one can but curse the mob and die at one's post.

I have not space here to criticize these views—to ask, for instance, when he says he thinks the strong should be allowed to survive at the expense of the weak, whether he means the strong like Jack Johnson or the strong like Nietzsche and Beethoven. I must assume that the confusion of thought is apparent to the reader and go on to point out that Mencken has been upholding these theories without modification since 1908 at least. He has cherished them through the European war and through the industrial war that has followed it. (Quite recently they have led him into the absurdity of asserting that it would have been a good thing for America if the war had continued longer, because this would have stamped out "hundreds of thousands of the relatively unfit." The men who were left at the end of the war in the French and German armies, were, he adds "very superior men.") And, in consequence, it seems to me that he has cut himself off in an intellectual cul-de-sac.

He has much to say to America that is of the first usefulness and importance: he has no peer in the brilliance and effectiveness of his onslaught upon political ignorance and corruption, upon Y. M. C. A.'ism and popular morality, upon the cheapness and sordidness of current ideals. But, though the moral strength which gives him courage is drawn partly from his Nietzschean principles, these principles so close his horizon as to render his social criticism rather sterile. In the matters of politics and society he can do nothing but denounce. He has taken up a position in which it is impossible that any development should please him. He detests the present state of affairs, but he disbelieves in liberalism and radicalism, and any change in their directions would presumably only make him detest the world more. He really hates repression and injustice, but he has long ago repudiated the idea of human rights to freedom and justice and he consequently cannot come out as their champion.

There have, however, been a few signs of late that he feels his old house too small: in his recent discussion of Mr. Chafee's book on free speech, he reached a pitch of righteous indignation at which he has scarcely been seen before. "In those two years," he cried, "all the laborious work of a century and a half—toward the free and honest administration of fair laws, the dealing of plain justice between man and man, the protection of the weak and helpless, the safeguarding of free assemblage and free speech—was ruthlessly undone." This is obviously in direct contradiction to the faith he has previously professed. What has one who is "against the under dog every time" to do with "the protection of the weak and helpless"? He has told us again and again that we should let the weak and helpless perish.

The truth is that in the last few years Mencken has entered so far into the national intellectual life that it has become impossible for him to maintain his old opinions quite intact: he has begun to worry and hope with the American people in the throes of their democratic experiment. I know that this is a terrible statement; it is as if one should say that the Pope had begun to worry and hope with the western world in its attempt to shake off creed; but I honestly believe it is true. This phenomenon seemed to make its appearance toward the last page of The American Language; and if it does not come to bulk yet larger we shall have one of our strongest men still fighting with one arm tied behind his back.

III

So much for the critic; but what of the evangelist and artist? For Mencken, in spite of all his professions of realistic resignation, is actually a militant idealist. Most Americans—even of fine standards—have long ago resigned themselves to the cheapness and ugliness of America, but Mencken has never resigned himself. He has never ceased to regard his native country with wounded and outraged eyes. The shabby politics, the childish books, the factories turning out wooden nut-megs have never lost their power to offend him. At this late date, he is, I suppose, almost the only man in the country who still expects American

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novelists to be artists and American politicians gentlemen.

And his expression of his resentment is by no means temperate or aloof. It is righteous indignation of the most violent sort. His denunciations are as ferocious as those of Tertullian or Billy Sunday. It is in purpose rather than in method that he differs from these great divines. (See especially his excommunication of the professors in the essay on The National Letters.) In his exhortations to disobey the rules of the current American morality he has shown himself as noisy and as bitter as any other Puritan preacher.

And this brings us to what is perhaps, after all, the most important thing about Mencken, the thing which gives him his enormous importance in American literature today: it is the fact that here we have a genuine artist and man of first-rate education and intelligence who is thoroughly familiar with, even thoroughly saturated with, the common life. The rule has been heretofore for men of superior intelligence, like Henry Adams and Henry James, to shrink so far from the common life that, in a country where there was practically nothing else, they had almost no material to work on, and for men who were part of the general society, like Mark Twain, to be handicapped by Philistinism and illiteracy; but in the case of Mencken we have Puritanism and American manners in a position to criticize itself. For in his attitude toward all the things with which Puritanism is supposed to deal Mencken is thoroughly American and thoroughly Puritan. If he were what he exhorts us to be in regard to the amenities and the pleasures he would never rage so much about them. His sermons would be unintelligible, I should think, to a Frenchman or an Italian. Nobody but a man steeped in Puritanism could have so much to say about love and yet never convey any idea of its beauties or delights; poor Aphrodite, usually identified in his pages with the whore and the bawdy-house, wears as unalluring a face as she does in the utterances of any Y. M. C. A. lecturer; no one else would confine himself to a harsh abuse, on principle, of the people who have outlawed love. Nobody else would express his enthusiasm for the innocent pleasures of alcohol in such a way that it sounded less like a eulogy than like an angry defiance. He is an unmistakable product of Puritan training and environment. Horace or Anatole France, who really represent the sort of civilization which Mencken admires, would never be so acutely conscious of the problems of love and art and wine; they would take them easily for granted and enjoy them as a matter of course. But Mencken, who was born an American, with the truculent argumentative mind of the Puritan, can never enjoy them as a matter of course, as even some Americans can do, but must call down all the dark thunders of logic to defend them, like any Milton or Luther.

And he is saturated with the thought and aspect of modern commercial America. He is, we feel, in spite of everything, in the long run most at home there; are we not told that once, when walking in Paris in the spring, he was annoyed by the absence of a first-class drug-store? Instead of taking refuge among remote literatures, like Mr. Cabell and Mr. Pound, he makes his poetry of the democratic life which absorbs and infuriates him. He takes the slang of the common man and makes fine prose of it. He has studied the habits and ideas and language of the common run of his countrymen with a close first-hand observation and an unflagging interest. And he has succeeded in doing with the common life what nobody else has done,—(at least with any authentic stamp of literary distinction): he has taken it in all its coarseness and angularity and compelled it to dance a ballet, in which the Odd Fellow, the stockbroker, the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, the Knight of Pythias, the academic critic, the Methodist evangelical, the lecturer at Chautauquas, the charlatan politician, the Vice Crusader, the Department of Justice, the star-spangled army officer,—and the man who reveres all these, with all his properties and settings: the derby hat, the cheap cigar, the shaving soap advertisement, the popular novel, the cuspidor, the stein of prohibition beer, the drug store, the patent medicine, the American Legion button,—join hands and perform, to the strains of a sombre but ribald music, which ranges from genial boisterousness to morose and cynical brooding.

Take the following passage, for example, from a sort of prose poem:

> Pale druggists in remote towns of the hog and cotton belt, endlessly wrapping up Peruna. . . . Women hidden away in the damp kitchens of unpainted houses along the railroad tracks, frying tough beefsteaks. . . . Lime and cement dealers being initiated into the Knights of Pythias, the Redmen or the Woodmen of the World. . . . Watchmen at lonely railroad crossings in Iowa, hoping that they'll be able to get off to hear the United Brethren evangelist preach. . . . Ticket-choppers in the Subway, breathing sweat in its gaseous form. . . . Family doctors in poor neighborhoods, faithfully relying upon the therapeutics taught in their Eclectic Medical College in 1884. . . . Farmers plowing sterile fields behind sad meditative horses, both suffering from the bites of insects. . . . Greeks tending all-night coffee-joints in the suburban

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wildernesses where the trolley-cars stop. . . . Grocery clerks stealing prunes and gingersnaps and trying to make assignations with soapy servant-girls. . . . Women confined for the ninth or tenth time, wondering hopelessly what it is all about. . . . Methodist preachers retired after forty years of service in the trenches of God, upon pensions of $600 a year. . . . Wives and daughters of Middle Western country bankers, marooned in Los Angeles, going tremblingly to swami seances in dark smelly rooms. . . . Chauffeurs in huge fur coats waiting outside theatres filled with folks applauding Robert Edeson and Jane Cowl. . . . Decayed and hopeless men writing editorials at midnight for leading papers in Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama. . . .

One recalls the enumeration of another set of visions:

The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,
The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp,
The married and unmarried children ride home to their Thanksgiving dinner,
The pilot seizes the king-pin, he heaves down with a strong arm,
The mate stands braced in the whale-boat, lance and harpoon are ready,
The duck-shooter walks by silent and cautious stretches,
The deacons are ordained with cross'd hands at the altar,
The spinning girl retreats and advances to the hum of the big wheel,
The farmer stops by the bars as he walks on a First-day loaf and looks at the oats and rye, . . .
The young fellow drives the express-wagon (I love him, though I do not know him),
The half-breed straps on his light boots to compete in the race,
The Wolverine sets traps on the creek that helps fill the Huron,
The clean-hair'd Yankee girl works with her sewing machine or in the factory or mill,
The Missourian crosses the plains toting his wares and his cattle. . . .

This was the day before yesterday, and Mencken is today. Is not Mencken's gloomy catalogue as much the poetry of modern America as Walt Whitman's was of the early Republic? When the States were fresh and new and their people were hardy pioneers, we had a great poet, from whose pages the youth and wonder of that world can reach us forever; and now that that air is soured with industry and those pioneers have become respectable citizens dwelling in hideously ugly towns and devoted to sordid ideals, we have had a great satirist to arouse us against the tragic spectacle we have become. For Mencken is the civilized consciousness of modern America, its learning, its intelligence and its taste, realizing the grossness of its manners and mind and crying out in horror and chagrin.

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

Shall We Join the Ladies?

FROM time to time one encounters or has pointed out to one some queer-looking dick who is described as a man who understands women. In such minor crises I instinctively view with alarm. I do not believe there are any such persons. Those to whom the occult power is ascribed leave me cold. There is such a thing as knowing too much.

I am aware that this is an old-fashioned attitude of mind. I know the modern conception of boys and girls together sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys and all that sort of thing. But I have noticed that the odd lots among the male bipeds who profess to understand women are usually roaming the high hills unprotected by the game laws. They do not belong to any lodge. They do not seem to be working regularly at their jobs. They seem somehow to be out of tune with the infinite. While it is true that they are in circulation, in the neat French phrase, their life currents are irregular; they are not working a route. Their magic, if such it be, does not seem to get them anywhere.

Now a place and a job has been found for them if they really are masters of their subject. As nature in her thrifty way abhors a vacuum, so the laws of economics abhor waste. For every commodity and every talent there must be a use. So if these supernormal and penetrating intelligences will apply with their credentials to the Republican and Democratic National Committees they will be put to work. The rulers, directors, governors, and managers of the two great parties, as they are fondly known, have had much experience and know many abstruse and interesting things about male human beings but they do not profess to understand women. For the most part, they are married men who have not progressed beyond the stage of hoping that by bringing home a box of candy they can square everything and won't have to tell anything. One doesn't have to be one of the ultra-moderns to know that that sort of thing is old stuff.

But now these worthy burghers are faced in their business and for practical reasons of affairs with the old, old question of how to charm the hearts of the ladies. And to make it worse, it is a quantity production job. What is wanted is a universal, inclusive formula, and unhappily there is no such thing. All the successful workers in this pleasant, though baffling, field of endeavor have had their own individual, separate and distinct technique. The cases of Abelard and Heloise, Paola and Francesca, and Nat Goodwin and—well, et al., are not any help to the present-day politicians in evolving a general rule that can be applied accord-

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ing to known principles. If any of the men who understand women can lay down a rule their fortune is made.

The problem of the Republican and Democratic politicians is this: What shall we do with our girls? And secondly, will they take Confederate money, which means, as Mr. Keynes so tactfully said of Mr. Wilson, will they easily be bamboozled?

The correct answer to this juncture, remains as before: You never can tell. This indicates, obliquely but clearly, why so many men are gray-headed before their time.

The case that gives immediate rise to these ponderings and searching of hearts among the political managers is simple and plain. It is this: The ladies have the vote. Just exactly how many of them have it has not been precisely ascertained. Mr. Will Hays thinks about fifteen millions of them. Others say the number runs into the twenties of millions and that there are today within our broad confines more women voters than there are men voters. In any event, and whatever the number, it is an appalling prospect to political managers who must sway and color and influence and "deliver" this vote. These new voters must be "educated" and when the old-fashioned politician (and they are now wholly in the ascendancy in this country) talks of educating the vote he means teaching it to jump through a hoop or play dead at the word of command. Tammany has such an educated vote and most of the time it is in power in New York City.

The aim of the Democratic leaders is to get all these women to vote the Democratic ticket. The aim of the Republican leaders is to plump them all in one solid phalanx for the Republican ticket. But how to do it?

The last election showed nothing and proved nothing. Many of the ladies did not vote and those who did followed their fancy. Some of them have clotted or grouped. Roughly, I venture to say, the present alignment is something like this: On the left is the Woman's party. This is a restless group. It grew out of the militant suffragists' association that picketed the White House and believed in agitation and aggressive methods. If this group has made a declaration of principles or subscribed to a platform since its members became voters I have not been able to discover it.

One touches fearfully on these mysteries, but as the politicians understand it, these forceful ladies are not so much for measures and policies as they are against men who are against the rights of women as this group understands those rights. As it was put to me, these voters believe that "a woman is always a woman and man must be the goat." But, as I say, I don't pretend to understand these things, and if, as this would make out, their motto is "Y'aint done right by our Nell," then I can only discreetly cough and move away, as becomes a detached chronicler.

Another group is the League of Women Voters. It is the outgrowth of the old National Suffrage Association. It is to this moment non-partisan and independent. In its national and its local and state organizations some of its officers are Democrats and some are Republicans. Insofar as the women voters are organized, I judge the greater number of them are members of this League. Some of the shrewdest women politicians in the country are in the League. They acquired their experience and their skill while working for suffrage. It taught them how men play politics, and some of them, one is not surprised to discover, have improved on their teachers. Besides these two groups there are the women who have affiliated themselves with the Democratic and Republican parties.

But it is to the League of Women Voters, I suspect, that the politicians will look with most interest and respect. It is the League that seems destined to offer the greatest obstacle to the desire of the party managers that the women come into one or another of the major organizations. The League is organized by women and for women. Its leaders know many of the devious by-paths of politics. They will not content themselves with being mere party followers. They will want to sit in the actual game of control and direction and management. Now, of course, this is no part of the plan of the men actually in control of the Democratic and Republican parties. They want the votes of the ladies, but they do not want the new voters to share in the management and control of the "organization." That is man's work.

It must be said in all fairness that this attitude is not reserved peculiarly for women. The old party men are in no way anxious to share their responsibilities with the young male voters—the first voters with whom the ladies are now classed. The docile male, with few exceptions, has always been willing to serve a long novitiate, doing what he was told and voting the straight ticket without asking questions. Too many thousands of men have never got out of this class.

But who can tell what the ladies will do? Already some of them show signs of wanting to know all about everything. They want to be right on the inside, from the very beginning. The lovely creatures from the depths of their inexperience seem to think that the management of politics, raising money for elections, choosing candidates, and

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drafting platforms of principles is affected with a public interest. The Republicans have put seven women on the Executive Committee of their National Committee, and the Democrats have named a woman as well as a man to represent each state on their National Committee. In each instance this was merely a gesture. It was a "recognition" of the ladies, and the grizzled veterans hoped that would satisfy them. Little did they know, poor old simple dears, little did they know! Now they are poignantly conscious of a sort of restlessness, a sea-shell murmur, a reaching out, a questioning, a sort of what-do-we-do-next attitude. In brief, the ladies, or, at least, many of them, are beginning to get that Twelve-Pound look in their eyes.

Will the men who understand women tell the puzzled politicians what to do about it? The meeting of the Republican National Committee here at Washington on June 8th may well prove to be a good place to begin their ministrations. Because a good many of the old men fear that if something isn't done about it, the question will become not what will men do with women voters but what will the ladies do with the politicians. It opens a vista, as the discreet publicists say.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

The Old Age of Queen Victoria

[This is the tenth of a series of eleven articles taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria, which are now appearing in The New Republic.]

AS a rule the leisure hours of that active life were occupied with recreations of a less intangible quality than the study of literature or the appreciation of art. Victoria was a woman, not only of vast property, but of innumerable possessions. She had inherited an immense quantity of furniture, of ornaments, of china, of plate, of valuable objects of every kind; her purchases, throughout a long life, made a formidable addition to these stores; and there flowed in upon her, besides, from every quarter of the globe, a constant stream of gifts. Over this enormous mass she exercised an unceasing and minute supervision and the arrangement and the contemplation of it, in all its details, filled her with an intimate satisfaction. The collecting instinct has its roots in the very depths of human nature; and, in the case of Victoria, it seemed to owe its force to two of her dominating impulses—the intense sense, which had always been hers, of her own personality and the craving, which, growing with the years, had become in her old age almost an obsession, for fixity, for solidity, for the setting up of palpable barriers against the outrages of change and time. When she considered the multitudinous objects which belonged to her, or, better still, when, choosing out some section of them as the fancy took her, she actually savored the vivid richness of their individual qualities, she saw herself deliciously reflected from a million facets, felt herself magnified miraculously over a boundless area, and was well pleased. That was just as it should be; but then came the dismaying thought—everything slips away, crumbles, vanishes; Sèvres dinner-services get broken; even golden basins go unaccountably astray; even one's self, with all the recollections and experiences that make up one's being, fluctuates, perishes, dissolves . . . But no! It could not, should not be so! There should be no changes and no losses! Nothing should ever move—neither the past nor the present—and she herself least of all! And so the tenacious woman, hoarding her valuables, decreed their immortality with all the resolution of her soul. She would not lose one memory or one pin.

She gave orders that nothing should be thrown away—and nothing was. There, in drawer after drawer, in wardrobe after wardrobe, reposed the dresses of seventy years. But not only the dresses—the furs and the mantles and the subsidiary frills and the muffs and the parasols and the bonnets—all were ranged in chronological order, dated and complete. A great cupboard was devoted to the dolls; in the china room at Windsor a special table held the mugs of her childhood, and her children's mugs as well. Mementoes of the past surrounded her in serried accumulations. In every room the tables were powdered thick with the photographs of relatives; their portraits, revealing them at all ages, covered the walls; their figures, in solid marble, rose up from pedestals, or gleamed from brackets in the form of gold and silver statuettes. The dead, in every shape—in miniatures, in porcelain, in enormous life-size oil-paintings—were perpetually about her. John Brown stood upon her writing-table in solid gold. Her favorite horses and dogs, endowed with a new durability, crowded round her footsteps. Sharp, in silver gilt, dominated the dinner table; Boy and Boz lay together among unfading flowers, in bronze. And it was not enough that each particle of the past should be given the stability

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of metal or of marble: the whole collection, in its arrangement, no less than its entity, should be immutably fixed. There might be additions, but there might never be alterations. No chintz might change, no carpet, no curtain be replaced by another; or, if long use at last made it necessary, the stuffs and the patterns must be so identically reproduced that the keenest eye might not detect the difference. No new picture could be hung upon the walls at Windsor, for those already there had been put in their places by Albert, whose decisions were eternal. So, indeed, were Victoria's. To ensure that they should be, the aid of the camera was called in. Every single article in the Queen's possession was photographed from several points of view. These photographs were submitted to Her Majesty, and when, after careful inspection, she had approved of them, they were placed in a series of albums, richly bound. Then, opposite each photograph, an entry was made, indicating the number of the article, the number of the room in which it was kept, its exact position in the room, and all its principal characteristics. The fate of every object which had undergone this process was thenceforth irrevocably sealed. The whole multitude, once and for all, took up its steadfast station. And Victoria, with a gigantic volume or two of the endless catalogue always beside her, to look through, to ponder upon, to expatiate over, could feel, with a double contentment, that the transitoriness of this world had been arrested by the amplitude of her might.

Thus the collection, ever multiplying, ever encroaching upon new fields of consciousness, ever rooting itself more firmly in the depths of instinct, became one of the dominating influences of that strange existence. It was a collection not merely of things and of thoughts, but of states of mind and ways of living as well. The celebration of anniversaries grew to be an important branch of it —of birthdays and marriage days and death days, each of which demanded its appropriate feeling, which, in its turn, must be itself expressed in an appropriate outward form. And the form, of course,—the ceremony of rejoicing or lamentation —was stereotyped with the rest: it was part of the collection. On a certain day, for instance, flowers must be strewn on John Brown's monument at Balmoral; and the date of the yearly departure for Scotland was fixed by that fact. Inevitably it was around the central circumstance of Death—Death, the final witness to human mutability—that these commemorative cravings clustered most thickly. Might not even Death itself be humbled, if one could recall enough?—if one asserted, with a sufficiently passionate and reiterated emphasis, the eternity of love? Accordingly, every bed in which Victoria slept had attached to it, at the back, on the right-hand side, above the pillow, a life-size photograph of Albert as he lay dead, surmounted by a wreath of immortelles. At Balmoral, where memories came crowding so closely, the solid signs of memory appeared in surprising profusion. Obelisks, pyramids, tombs, statues, cairns, and seats of inscribed granite, proclaimed Victoria's dedication to the dead. There, twice a year, on the days that followed her arrival, a solemn pilgrimage of inspection and meditation was performed. There, on the 26th of August—Albert's birthday—at the foot of the bronze statue of him in Highland dress, the Queen, her family, her Court, her servants and her tenantry met together, and in silence, drank to the memory of the dead. In England the tokens of remembrance pullulated hardly less. Not a day passed without some addition to the multifold assemblage—a gold statuette of Ross, the piper—a life-sized marble group of Victoria and Albert, in mediaeval costume, inscribed upon the base with the words: "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way"—a granite slab in the shrubbery at Osborne, informing the visitor of "Waldmann: the very favorite little dachshund of Queen Victoria; who brought him from Baden, April, 1872; died, July 11th, 1881."

At Frogmore, the great mausoleum, perpetually enriched, was visited almost daily by the Queen, when the Court was at Windsor. But there was another, a more secret and a hardly less holy shrine. The suite of rooms which Albert had occupied in the Castle was kept for ever shut away from the eyes of any save the most privileged. Within those precincts, everything remained as it had been at the Prince's death; but the mysterious preoccupation of Victoria had commanded that her husband's clothes should be laid afresh, each evening, upon the bed, and that, each evening, the water should be set ready in the basin, as if he were still alive; and this incredible rite was performed with scrupulous regularity for nearly forty years.

Such was the inner worship; and still the flesh obeyed the spirit; still the daily hours of labor proclaimed Victoria's consecration to duty and to the ideal of the dead. Yet, with the years, the sense of self-sacrifice had faded; the natural energies of that ardent being discharged themselves with satisfaction into the channel of public work; the love of business which, from her girlhood, had been strong within her, reasserted itself in all its vigor; and, in her old age, to have been cut off from her papers and her boxes would have been, not a relief, but an agony to Victoria. Thus, though toiling Ministers might sigh and suffer, the

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whole process of government continued, till the very end, to pass before her. Nor was that all; ancient precedent had made the validity of an enormous number of official transactions dependent upon the application of the royal sign-manual; and a great proportion of the Queen's working hours was spent in this mechanical task. Nor did she show any desire to diminish it. On the contrary, she voluntarily resumed the duty of signing commissions in the army, from which she had been set free by Act of Parliament, and from which, during the years of middle life, she had abstained. In no case would she countenance the proposal that she should use a stamp. But, at last, when the increasing pressure of business made the delays of the antiquated system intolerable, she consented that, for certain classes of documents, her oral sanction should be sufficient. Each paper was read aloud to her, and she said at the end "Approved." Often, for hours at a time, she would sit, with Albert's bust in front of her, while the word "Approved" issued at intervals from her lips. The word came forth with a majestic sonority; for her voice now—how changed from the silvery treble of her girlhood!—was a contralto, full and strong.

. . .

The final years were years of apotheosis. In the dazzled imagination of her subjects Victoria soared aloft towards the regions of divinity in a nimbus of purest glory. Criticism fell dumb; deficiencies which, twenty years earlier, would have been universally admitted, were now as universally ignored. That the nation's idol was a very incomplete representative of the nation was a circumstance that was hardly noticed; and yet it was conspicuously true. For the vast changes which, out of the England of 1837, had produced the England of 1897, seemed scarcely to have touched the Queen. The immense industrial development of the period, the significance of which had been so thoroughly understood by Albert, meant little indeed to Victoria. The amazing scientific movement, which Albert had appreciated no less, left Victoria perfectly cold. Her conception of the universe, and of man's place in it, and of the stupendous problems of nature and philosophy remained, throughout her life, entirely unchanged. Her religion was the religion which she had learnt from the Baroness Lehzen and the Duchess of Kent. Here, too, it might have been supposed that Albert's views might have influenced her. For Albert, in matters of religion, was advanced. Disbelieving altogether in evil spirits, he had had his doubts about the miracle of the Gaderene Swine. Stockmar, even, had thrown out, in a remarkable memorandum on the education of the Prince of Wales, the suggestion that while the child "must unquestionably be brought up in the creed of the Church of England," it might nevertheless be in accordance with the spirit of the time to exclude from his religious training the inculcation of a belief in "the supernatural doctrines of Christianity." This, however, would have been going too far; and all the royal children were brought up in complete orthodoxy. Anything else would have grieved Victoria, though her own conceptions of the orthodox were not very precise. But her nature, in which imagination and subtlety held so small a place, made her instinctively recoil from the intricate ecstasies of High Anglicanism; and she seemed to feel most at home in the simple faith of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. This was what might have been expected; for Lehzen was the daughter of a Lutheran Pastor, and the Lutherans and the Presbyterians have much in common. For many years Dr. Norman Macleod, an innocent Scotch Minister, was her principal spiritual adviser; and, when he was taken from her, she drew much comfort from quiet chats about Life and Death with the cottagers at Balmoral. Her piety, absolutely genuine, found what it wanted in the sober exhortations of old John Grant and the devout saws of Mrs. P. Thompson. They possessed the qualities which, as a child of fourteen, she had so sincerely admired in the Bishop of Chester's Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew: they were "just plain and comprehensible and full of truth and good feeling." The Queen, who gave her name to the age of Mill and of Darwin, never got any further than that.

From the social movements of her time Victoria was equally remote. Towards the smallest no less than towards the greatest changes she remained inflexible. During her youth and middle age, smoking had been forbidden in polite society; and so long as she lived she would not withdraw her anathema against it. Kings might protest; bishops and ambassadors, invited to Windsor, might be reduced, in the privacy of their bed-rooms, to lie full-length upon the floor and smoke up the chimney—the interdict continued. It might have been supposed that a female sovereign would have lent her countenance to one of the most vital of all the reforms to which her epoch gave birth—the emancipation of women; but on the contrary: the mere mention of such a proposal sent the blood rushing to her head. In 1870, her eye having fallen upon the report of a meeting in favor of Women's Suffrage, she wrote to Mrs. Martin in royal rage. —"The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone

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who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Woman's Rights,' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady — ought to get a *good whipping*. It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created men and women different—then let them remain each in their own position. Tennyson has some beautiful lines on the difference of men and women in The Princess. Woman would become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex? The Queen is sure that Mrs. Martin agrees with her." The argument was irrefutable; Mrs. Martin agreed; and yet the canker spread.

In another direction Victoria's comprehension of the spirit of her age has been constantly asserted. It was for long the custom for courtly historians and polite politicians to compliment the Queen upon the correctness of her attitude towards the Constitution. But such praises seem hardly to be justified by the facts. In her later years Victoria more than once alluded with regret to her conduct during the Bedchamber Crisis, and let it be understood that she had grown wiser since. Yet in truth it is difficult to trace any fundamenal change either in her theory or her practice in constitutional matters throughout her life. The same despotic and personal spirit which led her to break off the negotiations with Peel is equally visible in her animosity towards Palmerston, in her threats of abdication to Disraeli, and in her desire to prosecute the Duke of Westminster for attending a meeting upon Bulgarian atrocities. The complex and delicate principles of the Constitution cannot be said to have come within the compass of her mental faculties; and in the actual developments which it underwent during her reign she played a passive part. From 1840 to 1861 the power of the Crown steadily increased in England; from 1861 to 1901 it steadily declined. The first process was due to the influence of the Prince Consort, the second to that of a series of great Ministers. During the first Victoria was in effect a mere accessory; during the second the threads of power, which Albert had so laboriously collected, inevitably fell from her hands into the vigorous grasp of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Salisbury. Perhaps, absorbed as she was in routine, and difficult as she found it to distinguish at all clearly between the trivial and the essential, she was only dimly aware of what was happening. Yet, at the end of her reign, the Crown was weaker than at any other time in English History. Paradoxically enough, Victoria received the highest eulogiums for assenting to a political evolution, which, had she completely realized its import, would have filled her with supreme displeasure.

Nevertheless it must not be supposed that she was a second George III. Her desire to impose her will, vehement as it was, and unlimited by any principle, was yet checked by a certain shrewdness. She might oppose her Ministers with extraordinary violence; she might remain utterly impervious to arguments and supplications; the pertinacity of her resolution might seem to be unconquerable; but, at the very last moment of all, her obstinacy would give way. Her innate respect and capacity for business, perhaps, too, the memory of Albert's scrupulous avoidance of extreme courses, prevented her from ever entering an impasse. By instinct, she understood when the facts were too much for her, and to them she invariably yielded. After all, what else could she do?

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Fugitive

Red foxes in their earthy holes
Slumber curled as the moon goes by.
The running winds are like fleet foals
That follow a leader up the sky.
The stars are like a chime of bells
Swinging, ringing, from west to east.
The foxes doze and dream of smells
And barbarous beatific feast.

The night within the wood is still,
Blind as the foolish mind of man.
All folk that crouch or crawl to kill
Forget wherefore they cried and ran.
The cruel heart of nature sleeps,
But over the hill the soul is blown
To whirling space with infinite deeps
Where stars like sparkling seed are sown.

I would be running with the wind
Afar from lives that murder lives
Up the steep air where thought is thinned
And lost in cold that cuts like knives.
I would be buffeted, blown apart,
Dissolved and lost in space and height,
Out of the body, brain and heart,
One with the ecstasy of light.

But tethered are the feet that start,
Fast-tethered is the mind that strains,
The beat of your remorseless heart
Will only pay your soul with pains.
The blank ironic day will break
And time outwag all other clocks;
So fall—and may your laughter shake
A chill into the stoic rocks.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Pseudo-Americanization

II

THE national policy and program of the Y. M. C. A. on Americanization is set forth in a book entitled The Problem of Americanization, by Dr. Peter Roberts, head of the Industrial Department of the Y. M. C. A., under which the Americanization work of the organization is instituted. In his introduction Dr. Roberts states:

> The radicals have a well-organized speakers' bureau, a many-tongued press, and a fervency in attack which cannot be paralleled by any constructive and conserving agency interested in aliens. If Bolshevism and I. W. W.'ism are to be successfully combatted, America needs a program of enlightenment, an army of volunteer workers, a wide awake press, and a zeal for American democracy akin to apostolic fervor. The radicals have long had the right of way in communities made of foreign speaking peoples. We should match this with a propaganda of enlightenment . . .

And now, through a very few samples let us see of what this *propaganda of enlightenment,* which comes under the head of Americanization, consists.

> Their lives were spent in penury and stupidity. [This of the immigration from southeastern Europe.]
>
> When we consider, however, the character of the home, and its furnishings, the care of the children, sleeping quarters, the comforts and conveniences the family ought to enjoy—the foreign born are far removed from American standards. The chief hindrance to better things is the penury of the foreigner.
>
> How many of the rank and file of industrial workers of native born parents in America are qualified to exercise intelligently the rights of citizenship? . . . they go to the polls because the men interested in getting out the vote call on them and it is respectable to vote a certain way.
>
> It is not unusual to find many families of immigrants living in a house built for one family . . . and a lecture given to the foreign groups upon the danger of congestion in tenement houses will help them.
>
> Within recent years many foreign born men have organized clubs . . . if the free atmosphere of Americanism penetrates these clubs, largely made up of radicals, the dangerous forms of radicalism will disappear. They [i. e. the immigrants] break down and will continue to break down unless they eat more, wash oftener, dissipate less, and sleep in more sanitary quarters.
>
> Many foreigners come to school in unique garments—women come with shawls or kerchiefs over their heads, and their garments are not of American make; men come in sheepskin coats, flannel shirts, boots and caps; some come with hair disheveled, dirty linen, faces and hands unwashed; these are unpleasant things, and yet for the great work of Americanization, the teacher will not be prejudiced against the pupils.
>
> The gulf separating a refined, cultured and sensitive teacher from some of the most ignorant, illiterate and unpolished immigrants is often believed to be impassable.
>
> Another erroneous idea is that the moneyed men in America are untrustworthy, and that the financial institutions of this country are not as sound as those in the homeland. Many immigrants believe that there are more money sharks to the square foot in America than to the square mile in Europe . . . This suspicion should be attacked by the presentation of facts which immigrants cannot learn by themselves.

In speaking of the son of immigrants:

> His home is cramped, his clothing scant, and the standard by which the parents were raised in the poverty and penury of the old world is the one by which they raise their children in the new.
>
> To keep the overgrown son of the stolid Slav in school till he is sixteen or seventeen is not good for the boy or the parents.
>
> If men work ten or twelve hours a day they must meet for instruction in the evening.
>
> There is no more dangerous fallacy brought by immigrants to America than the expectation of making high wages without sacrifice, hard toil and persistent effort. When they in time find out their error they are disappointed, disgruntled, and rebellious. They become fertile soil for socialistic and anarchistic propaganda, and it is the road along which radicals of the reddest type come into America.

Now all of these statements are very foolish, and most of them entirely false. This is the sort of Americanization that is being read by hundreds of Y. M. C. A. secretaries spread broadcast over the country. This is the program which has the full endorsement of the American Legion, and the partial endorsement of the National Security League. It is evident that the reader who takes his information from this source will react against the immigrant, against the worker, and in favor of the employer. The whole onus is placed upon the victim rather than on the victimizer. This book of Dr. Roberts contains what is probably the most powerful Americanization program in the country, and it contains at the same time more inaccuracies and misstatements to the square page than one would believe possible.

An organization that had a well-developed Americanization program even before the war is the North American Civic League for Immigrants. The expressed purpose of this agency is "To protect immigrant and resident aliens and to interest and instruct them in American ideals and the requirements of American citizenship." Excellent enough. But on the other hand the League keeps a mobile staff of workers on hand which will be sent to any industrial centre during an emergency providing their expenses are paid. By whom? Not by the strikers we may be sure. In fact one of the agents of the League when asked what good purpose the work of the League served in an industrial centre during a crisis, replied that they were quite non-partisan, and that their efforts simply "Took the workers' minds off the strike." This comes under the Industrial Committee of the League. Mr. Chauncey Brewer in speaking for the North American Civic League for Immigrants remarked that he believed in:

> . . . the complete regulation of the foreign population. This will provide supervision of the laborer who is in this country to seek employment, with no expectation of naturalizing himself . . .

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Now this sort of thing gives one to think. A subsidiary of the League is the Order and Liberty Alliance.

The Inter-Racial Council under General Coleman Dupont and the more active leadership of Miss Frances Kellor is less well masked. Here are a few items from its own statement:

> That this association in the procuring and placing of advertising will be a connecting link between the advertiser, the advertising agency and the foreign language press, acting as advisor in the foreign language newspaper field, and guaranteeing certain standards in the editorial, news, and advertising columns . . .
>
> It will undertake to sell Americanism to the foreign language press by giving it American advertising . . .

Both these statements are made in connection with the American Association of Foreign Language Newspapers, a subsidiary of the Inter-Racial Council. Mr. William H. Barr, the recent president of the Council, contributes the following:

> We have seen the ultra-radicals spreading their doctrines of violence and revolution, while American business men have been going placidly about their business not realizing that they were sitting on top of a volcano. Revolutionary agitators have been boring from within the labor organizations; they have been running magazines and papers in English and in foreign languages. It is conservatively estimated that the I. W. W. sells $300,000 worth of literature a year. What has the American business man been doing besides giving inspirational addresses and besides playing with amateurish experiments in Americanization? The foreign born can be reached effectively in several ways—through their organizations, through the press, and through the individual plants. Recognizing that fact, a number of business men formed The Inter-Racial Council a little over a year ago. The Council today is composed of more than eleven hundred of the leading industrial establishments in the country and conference groups from among thirty-two of the races in the United States. These two elements in the Council have been working together in the interests of good, wholesome Americanism, and they have been directing their efforts through these channels:—
>
> First—Through the foreign language press, with news and advertisements relating the impracticability of Bolshevist theories, and the real meaning of American democracy.
>
> Second—Through the English language press for the purpose of eliminating racial antagonisms which are fertile soil for the seed of Bolshevism.

In a pamphlet issued by the Inter-Racial Council, under the heading Aims and Purposes we find:

> To stabilize industrial conditions.
> To apply American business methods to the foreign language press by building an American advertising base under it. . . .

Further there are specified types of service to be rendered members under these heads—Industrial Members, Mercantile Members, Banking Corporations, American Institutions, and Racial Members. Truly Americanization makes strange bedfellows! The results to be attained by all this are thus outlined:

> Reduction in unrest and disorder, as a result of plant analyses, which point out conditions that create industrial unrest. . . . Decrease of radicalism through information and counter education in the foreign language press dealing with attacks upon American institutions, law and order, and industry.

Without going into the matter any further, though there is plenty of material, we are compelled to doubt the authenticity of that Americanization which proceeds from an organization largely made up of employers of foreign labor, the expressed purpose of which is to "stabilize industrial conditions," and to influence the foreign language press through its advertising.

The National Security League, now engaged in suppressing socialism in our colleges, does not attempt to hide its light under a bushel. Besides endorsing in part the program of the Y. M. C. A., and joining with the American Legion in calling the National American Council—of which more later—the Security League has a few opinions of its own on the foreign born. As for instance:

> The great majority of these foreigners see nothing in the United States except a national boarding place where they shall give as little as possible and take all they can. We Americans have blindly neglected to make it a home for them, and have blindly permitted them to develop undue influence and power.

In a further statement of purpose the League says:

> We are sending volunteer speakers daily to fight Bolshevism and preach Americanism before all sorts of audiences.
>
> Fighting radical tendencies among college undergraduates.
>
> Actively cooperating with government agencies in the anti-Bolshevist fight.

Doubtless it was that last statement that inspired late Attorney General Palmer to say, "I am in entire accord with the purpose of the National Security League . . .", and to pay twenty-five dollars for a life membership.

Just what kind of Americanization are we to expect from this? It was the National Security League along with the American Legion, the other endorser of the program of the Y. M. C. A., that called a meeting of some sixty-seven organizations interested in Americanization work in Washington during the past winter. The object was to bring these organizations together under the name of the National American Council, which council would coordinate the work of Americanization throughout the country. This object has not yet been attained, nor has it yet been frustrated. If it is eventually accomplished under the tender guidance of the National Security League, which originally instituted the movement, it is rather clear that the immigrant group can hope for nothing better than a continuation of the Palmer campaign.*

The Loyal American League which is an outgrowth of the American Protective League is not backward either in showing its hand. It remarks:

> What is capital?

* As this article goes to press we find the National American Council has again met and organized on the following basis: President, David Jayne Hill; Vice-Presidents, Charles D. Orth of the National Security League, Frederick W. Galbraith of the American Legion, Albert E. Shiels of the Inter-Racial Council; Honorary President, Warren G. Harding; Honorary Vice-Presidents, Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Finley J. Shepard.

Among the organizations included in the membership of the Council are Constitutional League of America, Inter-Racial Council, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Sons of the American Revolution, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of 1812, American Defense Society, Constitutional Defense League, National Security League, Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and many others. E. H. B.

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It is plainly evident that an attempt is being made by certain groups to destroy the industries of America. They use as one of their means a false picture of "Capital." They constantly cry "Down with Capital and Capitalism" until the unthinking laboring man is likely to get the idea that "Capital" is a bad thing. Nothing could be more untrue, as capital is the most necessary thing in the world for the success of labor. . . .

42. *The True Meaning of "A Slacker."*
Today the Nation needs every able bodied man to be at work, producing to his full capacity every working day. Due to strikes, the Nation is behind in the movement of freight; the production of coal and many other commodities. The nations of Europe need both food and clothing. The weak, the sick, the aged and little children cry out for production, production.
As a consequence of all this, should not the finger of shame be pointed at a man who loafs off the job, or who loafs on the job. No matter what his position may be in life, all are equally guilty of being a slacker who do not produce up to their full maximum capacity today.

43. *The American Creed.*
I shall repel any attempt at revolution through industrial strikes as wholly unwarranted.

41. *Some Plain and Sane Truth About the Foreigner.*
The radical "Reds" are spending a lot of time in an endeavor to convince the foreigner that he is being mistreated in this country. They want him to hate our institutions.

38. *America and Americans.*
America must be made safe for—Americans. Our children must get the spell of pride that we got. Every man and woman who will not get in line must get out! These pregnant fields of ours hold sacred blood. And the memory of those who gave all that they had to make life glorious shall not be despoiled by those whose minds reek with poison and anarchy.

The Loyal American League is Americanizing busily!

Here is a statement from one of the posts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars:

Resolved:—That this organization endeavor to bring about the speaking of the language of our country at all times and in all places within the boundaries of the United States.

Resolved:—That this organization emphatically favors the publication of all newspapers of our Country in the language of our Country, and positively discourages as an act of disloyalty the publication of any newspaper in the language of any other race or country.

Resolved:—That this organization use its utmost efforts through legislation and other means to insist that the Alien population of this Country prepare to become citizens or else prepare to leave the Country, and furthermore that all Aliens who for cause have been refused Citizenship be at once deported.

That is Americanization as is Americanization!

Let us cast an eye over the origin of the United Americans of which organization President Harding has accepted the honorary Vice-Presidency.

. . . a number of leading men representing many states conducted a quiet, but energetic and thorough investigation early in 1919 of the activities of various revolutionary organizations and the efforts of these activities. These men with others who had become interested, held a meeting in Chicago, June 11th, 1919, at which they formed the nucleus of a national organization which they named United Americans to cope with the conditions revealed by this investigation.

For instance, the minds of the growing generation are being poisoned by books and tracts teaching free love and anarchy sugar-coated under alluring names. Many teachers have been led to advocate unsound precepts, so have many university professors and school superintendents. Again radical news and editorial writers have infiltrated into newspaper offices everywhere, ever on the alert for a chance to spread their insidious propaganda. Many publications more or less openly preach sedition. Another committee will render useful service by studying proper means to neutralize this source of contagion.

The bulletin of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has an account of the launching of the California campaign of the United Americans. A resolution was adopted to form a state body and to raise $50,000 to carry on the work. It was further explained by one of the national officers present that the United Americans had been fully developed in twenty to twenty-five states, and that thirty-eight states had chosen national committeemen. In addressing the meeting Frederick J. Koster, Vice-President of the national board stated:

You all know that there are forces at work, and they seem to be very well organized, tending toward the destruction of our government, tending to bring about revolution. It is time that we should unite as Americans in defense of our institutions. . . . In America one thing must never happen—there must never be permitted a fixation of class. This is not a nation in which classes dare to be established.

Frederick V. Fisher, assistant national director, remarked:

There is at present a dangerous tendency toward class expression that must be removed.

It would be enlightening to know whether the United Americans intends to start its missionary work with the class that harbors Judge Gary, who is rather intimately associated with the welfare of some hundreds of thousands of foreign born in this country, or with that containing Mr. Debs. The slogan of the United Americans is "We believe in the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule and the Constitution of the United States." Well then—"sic transit gloria mundi!"

We may detect a certain angle on the subject in the Daughters of the American Revolution, for one of their spokeswomen said:

We are strangely affected by the clothes we wear. Garments create a mental and social atmosphere. What can be hoped for the Americanism of a man who insists on employing a London tailor? One's very food affects his Americanism. What kind of American consciousness can grow in the atmosphere of sauerkraut and Limburger cheese? Or what can you expect of the Americanism of the man whose breath always reeks of garlic?

What indeed, Madam, what indeed!

The Sons of the American Revolution are not wholly without an opinion on the matter either, inasmuch as the District of Columbia branch gave their official endorsement to a statement made by Mrs. George Maynard Minor, president general of the D. A. R., the sister organization. This statement had to do with the danger of radical movements and propaganda in this country. At the same meeting of the Sons at which endorsement was made of Mrs. Minor's warning, an address was given by Wade Hampton Ellis, the speaker of the evening. This is what Mr. Ellis thinks about it:

There is no denying the fact that the number of reckless agitators and fanatics who are openly and defiantly preaching the doctrine of force and violence in the de-

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> struction of all government is growing every day. There are 250 daily, weekly, and monthly publications in the United States which are boldly advocating armed revolution right here in America. . . . In spite of all this the representatives of transatlantic steamship companies which operate into the port of New York alone have announced that there are 15,000,000 Europeans clamoring for passage to America. . . . There is a very quick and effective remedy in existing laws for them [i. e., the aliens]. If they are unfit they may be excluded. If they are dangerous after they get here they may be deported. These laws must be rigorously enforced. They must love the country or leave it. They must get out or get under—get out of the country or under the flag.

Would it be an error to believe that neither the Sons, the Daughters, nor Mr. Ellis whose address they applauded have much sympathy with those immigrants they are about to Americanize?

The American Legion presents a problem of a somewhat different nature. There is a wide divergence between what the Legion says and what it does. In its public statements, in its bulletins from national headquarters, the Legion seems sound on Americanization, though it is very vague. On the other hand, and in spite of this, the foreign born groups have no confidence whatever in the Legion and are more than likely to regard any Americanization issuing from this source with a deep and cordial suspicion. Why is this? Probably for a variety of reasons. In the first place the American Legion has, forgive the repetition, given its endorsement to the Americanization program and policy of the Y. M. C. A.; in the second it has openly joined hands with the National Security League, which is thoroughly tainted with Palmerism, in calling the National American Council. More than these, however, is the fact that individual Legion posts have appeared to regard Americanization more as super-police duty than as fraternal understanding. It is difficult to mob Kreisler's concerts, break up meetings being held by Poles and Lithuanians, refuse Louis Post permission to speak, threaten German societies with rifles when they try to hold a tag day for starving women and children, and endorse a plan by which Legion members are to be mobilized for active duty during times of strikes by "radicals," and still have it believed that you are doing unprejudiced Americanization work. The faults appear to be chiefly with individual posts, but unless national headquarters takes public and stringent action against such posts the Legion must expect to be misunderstood. Certainly the foreign born have no doubts in the matter. To the mass of them the Legion is, rightly or wrongly, anathema. There is nothing to be hoped for here.

The actual Americanization work of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is carried on by its Committee on American Ideals. Just how much this will eventually amount to it is difficult to predict, but a few excerpts from some of the Information Sheets sent by this committee to its members, and carefully marked *Not For Publication* will serve to show a certain slant.

> *Personnel Work.*—Information has reached the Committee on American Ideals that there is in existence an association whose members are trying to obtain employment as personnel administrators with large corporations, with the object of recreating management along radical lines. The reports received indicate that some of these people have obtained positions in army arsenals, with steel companies, and with other industrial concerns, and that they will carry on their proposed activities in accordance with a definite plan.
>
> *Police Work.*—Superintendent of the Public Safety, Mills, of Philadelphia, announced recently that the Police Department will hereafter have a camera squad which will be sent out on all riot calls and take photographs of persons engaged in causing riots and similar disturbances. It is anticipated that moving picture cameras will eventually be employed for this work, and that the police will be enabled to study, within a few hours, photographs of riots which permit them to determine to a degree who the leaders of the disturbance were. 'The importance of having photographs as evidence where large masses of people are involved is obvious,' said Superintendent Mills.
>
> The Committee on American Ideals suggests that in communities of considerable size, where riots may take place, the attention of the local police authorities be called to this suggestion with a view to providing in advance for the use of cameras as suggested.

Americanization conducted along these lines is going to be highly dangerous for someone, but whether the doctor or the patient it is impossible to say. We may be sure, however, that so far as the immigrant is concerned the intention is either to kill or cure. And one *is* able to perceive a certain bias. The organization that has been most popular with the United States Chamber of Commerce is the United Americans but just how far this interest extends I am unable to say.

The Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Boards of Commerce and the like throughout the country are all more or less interested in Americanization, some of them being most actively engaged in the work. Their points of view and their programs vary greatly, and while many of them appear to be doing excellent service some are perhaps just a trifle less excellent. It is to be remembered that when so much Americanization is simply a slight mask for anti-radicalism and anti-labor campaigns these commercial and trade organizations naturally fall under suspicion. It is so natural to expect them to do the wrong thing, to take sides definitely, that one has the right to insist that they be not only clear in their statements, but even that they lean over backward in order to avoid any trace of partisanship.

The Americanization Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh includes the following in its Statement of Principles and Tentative Plan.

> The labor turnover problem has become and is becoming increasingly vital to the continued prosperity of our community. A well conducted, constructive, unified Americanization program, while not advocated as the panacea for all industrial ills, will, beyond question, materially save in dollars and cents by cutting down on this item of great loss.

The Americanization Committee of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce sent a letter to the business houses of the city in which the following was given as the desirable result to be attained through Americanization.

> Decrease of friction and disorder among the workmen; decrease of labor turnover; increase in production; decrease of spoiled material; better care of tools and machinery; decrease of accidents and strikes; increased intelligence and alertness of the workers, and stabilization of attitude toward employers.

Yes, but what does the foreign worker get out of it?

It is a hard proposition to solve. Are the Chambers of Commerce, and organizations of a similar nature to be barred from Americanization work altogether? They should not be, for some of them have splendid programs

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which are being carried out in excellent fashion. There is a natural bias, however, that must be taken into consideration and duly accounted for. One is likely enough to look for an unprejudiced point of view from a wholly non-partisan agency, though one does not always get it, but where there is the slightest possibility of prejudice on either the one side or the other one must not only look, but look with suspicion. The burden of proof is with the presumptive offender.

We have seen in the course of these papers how stupidity, ignorance, and prejudice have all played their parts in Americanization. It is to be regretted that neither our purpose nor our space allows us to show the other side of the shield, how much is really being done in Americanization that is worth while. On the other hand our case, even as we have made it, is by no means complete. It is merely an indictment by suggestion. More might be said about the organizations and agencies with which we have dealt, and there are other organizations no less worthy of dishonorable mention. But if the reader has been awakened to a danger, if he has been moved to inquire for himself and to select or reject, not only by the actual evidence, but by that subtler standard by which each one of us must judge ourselves, the task is well justified. And now for one last word on which the whole issue depends—what is Americanization?

To Americanize is an active, transitive verb, that is the trouble. It implies, as we have said, something done to somebody by someone else; it suggests an action which involves going from one point to another. What it should mean, what we must make it mean, is a mutuality of action by which those at either end of the space separating them meet at a central point. When they meet there we shall have true Americanization, for that central point is the one too often left out of consideration, the spirit of America itself. He who tries to substitute for it a selfish end, he whose mind is not open and whose hands are not clean will never reach the goal though he may lead others astray along the by-path of his own particular endeavor.

Most of the foreign born get their only preconceived idea of American democracy through two things, the Declaration of Independence, and the Bill of Rights. They come here expecting that the principles enunciated in these documents are living forces which dictate the policy and procedure of our national life. They are disappointed. There is not a single dogma in either of these declarations that we have not violated wantonly, frequently and openly against our immigrants in the past twenty years. Until the phrase, Law and Order, has been revised to read Law, Order and Justice it will constitute nothing but a menace. The code by reason of which liberty in this country was brought into being has been well nigh demolished, and the foreign born seeks for another code to guide him. He finds the god of material success hailed as that which made America great, and he either succumbs to this doctrine or struggles on in the hope that the liberty he has not found may be granted to his children. In his struggles he may perchance fall into the pitfalls digged for the discontented, but if he falls it is by reason of his strength, not of his weakness. It is we who have forgotten, and it is he who has remembered.

There have been many quotations in these pages, so let us quote once more. It was Thomas Jefferson who said during the War of Independence:

> The spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may become persecutor, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated that the time for fixing essential right, on a legal basis, is while our rulers are honest, ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war we shall be going down hill. It will not then be necessary to resort to the people every moment for support. They will be forgotten, therefore, and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war, will be heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion.

Jefferson's prophecy has been fulfilled, and the fact of that fulfillment constitutes the only real barrier between us and those who have come to us seeking that *essential right* which we have let slip in our *sole faculty of making money*. Nine out of every ten immigrants who come here with any political or social ideal in mind come expecting and searching for the Americanism of 1776 only to be met with the 100 per cent variety. One hundred per cent Americanism of the twentieth century is a bitter mockery of that Americanism on which this nation was founded, and we must either return to and realize again the fundamental principles and rights of our forefathers or openly repudiate them in favor of other principles and rights which may be far different. Unless both native and foreign born work shoulder to shoulder toward the actual accomplishment of that democratic ideal to which today we pay only lip-service, Americanization will continue to be what it too often is, a mask behind which is concealed selfishness, prejudice, intolerance, and the desire for that power which is realized in terms of money. If Americanization is ever to become a sincerely constructive force in our national life it must begin with the Americans.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Railway Wages and Guild Socialism

SIR: I note on page 324 of your issue of May 11th, 1921, that your protest against the contention of the railways in the wage controversy was not against the plea for a wage reduction as such but was against the principle of basing wages on what individual roads or the railways as a whole could afford to pay. You favor the principle that wages on the railways and presumably in all industry should be based upon a decent standard of living, other claims upon revenues being residual claims only.

I believe the objection to such a principle is (1) that it does not insure such efficiency among employees as will provide a decent standard of living for society as a whole or even for themselves as a group and (2) that if the employees were to participate in the management in any effective degree their definition of a "decent standard" would insure neither the upkeep and necessary increase of plant facilities nor a contractual return to those whose sacrifice in the past contributed some part of the equipment we now enjoy. Only by public subsidy could a "decent standard" be guaranteed to the workers in the less productive manufacturing plants and to the farmers working the less productive soils; and it would be a rank injustice to subsidize the workers in one group as the railway workers are now being subsidized indirectly through excessive rates, without subsidizing the less fortunate workers of all other groups at the same time.

Of course the Guild Socialists believe that employee-management will solve all problems of inefficiency, of provision of equipment and especially of conflicts of economic group-interest which now underlie the most important battles of "politics." *It seems likely that Guild Socialism would do little or nothing to solve such problems,* as Dr. Beard in his memorable book-review in your issue of December 8th, 1920, seems also to imply.

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It may be granted that food prices are a lower index of current living costs than some other items, of which the most important is rent. But some of the chief reasons for present high rents are (1) the inefficiency of workers in construction lines in recent years, (2) the high money-wages still prevailing in those lines and (3) the high freight rates on brick, cement, structural steel, etc., which are required in order to pay high railway wages. A friend who protested against having to pay $1.25 an hour for some rough carpentering repair work was answered thus: "Well, what do you expect? With those Bohunk track men over in the railway yards getting 83 cents an hour, do you think I'm going to work for less than $1.25?" When such an obstructive attitude among one group of workers (e. g. builders) can thus keep up the price of a decent standard of living for another group (e. g. railway workers), is it fair to insist that such an inflated price of decency shall be a "preferred claim on earnings" as against the claims both of investors and of shippers, notably the farmers?

Merriam Park, Minnesota. FRANK F. ANDERSON.

[The New Republic does not take its stand on Guild Socialism or any other panacea. It believes that so long as one of the *partners in industry retains full control over the general policies* by which industry thrives or languishes, that partner, as enjoying a special privilege, may properly be required to meet the condition of paying the other partner what is essential to decent living. If the railways were operated by boards elected by labor and responsible to labor alone, we should insist that a fair payment to capital be made a first charge on the industry. Not common sense, we believe, but an obsolescent traditionalism makes us tolerate a state of affairs in which enterprises requiring the whole-hearted cooperation of both labor and capital are left to the autocratic control of capital, mitigated only by clumsy public intervention and the menace of militant unionism.—THE EDITORS.]

Is the Church Making Good?

SIR: The sermon of Bishop William T. Manning, of which mention was made in the New Republic of May 4th in the article, Dr. Manning's Social Creed, should provoke wide discussion not only in the liberal press, but in every gathering of churchmen, both lay and clerical. The opinion of the Bishop and that of the writer of the article are entirely at variance. The issues raised are vital to the well-being of the Church, and to the successful propagation of the Gospel. They are fundamental and strike at the very root of the purpose of organized Christianity. Furthermore, the Church cannot continue to ignore these questions and at the same time expect to command the respect of those whom it would attract and seek to influence. It is not a lack of confidence in the teachings of Christ, it is not a lack of belief in fundamental religious truth, indeed, it is not an unwillingness to have their personal lives dominated by the ideal of righteousness which is keeping so many men out of Church relationships. It is the conviction that the Church is failing to make good on its program of attempting to apply the principles of Christ to life and conduct, both individual and social.

What is the supreme duty of the hour for the Church of the living God? Is it not to pause, to take account of its resources, and to reexamine the content and the logical implications of the Christian message? The Church should cease the promotion of "Movements," "Drives," and "Campaigns" until it has reappraised the demands upon the Gospel in the light of twentieth century civilization. Is this Gospel adequate to meet the need of this generation? Does it contain the truth which if applied would calm the turmoil of a troubled world and heal its distresses? These are questions which should occupy the mind of the church today. Not more buildings, not more Home and Foreign Missionary Stations, not more endowments, until we have a religion of the real sort; the kind that will cut straight through the industrial order if it is not built on a Christian foundation; the kind that will "follow to the roots" the teachings of Christ and fearlessly seek to apply it to all of life; the kind that is more interested in persons than it is in the product of their toil.

In his recent book, Now It Can Be Told, Sir Philip Gibbs says that "The world needs Christ desperately." All classes echo this statement. Even the man in the street says it. The anomaly is that the Church has said it for generations, but does not act upon it in such a way as to vitally affect the thinking either of the Church or the world. Truly the need of the world is Christ, His interpretation of life—all life, mental, physical, social and spiritual. He said He came that the world might have this life "abundantly," not scantily, nor by a chosen few. The world declares that it is the Church's task to make Christ's meaning of life a reality. The Church questions this demand of the world, and has thus far so directed its teaching and work that it may "meddle as little as possible with definite political or economic issues as to which few representatives of the Church are qualified to speak wisely,"—to quote Bishop Manning. These representatives may not be qualified to speak wisely on the technicalities of the making of steel, but they are qualified to speak wisely on human relationships which are supremely important, and this is all that these representatives are undertaking to do. They demand that human relationships shall be a primary if not *the* primary consideration in the manufacture of steel.

But the Church is confronted with a possible schism if this is undertaken. Mr. W. Frew Long of Pittsburgh, a leader in the Presbyterian Church, says he must withdraw from his Church if it declares for an industrial order which he believes to be unjust and unfair both to the employer and employee. Mr. Long undoubtedly speaks the mind of many wealthy and influential laymen. However, in spite of this possibility, the idea that the Church shall attempt to bring about a more just social order by affecting the thinking of its membership and the world on this question is growing apace in the Church. Council after council of Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jew have declared for this program. Preachers are advocating it with increased intelligence, zeal and earnestness. The religious press is demanding it, and the student world is eager to know what is wrong with the present industrial order and how it may be remedied by evolutionary processes. Not for long can this tidal wave of "meddling" be withstood either by priest or layman. Will our Christian business men withdraw from the Church or will they adjust their thinking to the new day? Will they reexamine their own beliefs and their practices in the light of the standard fixed by the teachings of Christ? Or will they withdraw from the Church and combat the establishment of a more righteous order from the outside? It is for them to decide. A division in the Church is greatly to be deplored, but better a division on the great living issues of what constitutes real Christianity and real religion, than union on the *unvital issues of a dead past. That the Church is rapidly* coming to possess a solidarity of conscience on the question of social justice is clear to those who are familiar with current thought and action in Church circles. WILLIAM E. SWEET.

Denver, Colorado.

Danzig Was Assigned to Poland

SIR: In his review of What Really Happened at Paris, Mr. Alvin Johnson writes:

"Thus the special commission of which Mr. Lord was a member would have given Danzig and Upper Silesia to Germany, an arrangement torn up by the Big Four at the instance of Lloyd George" . . . .

Mr. Simeon Strunsky in his review of the same work writes (*New York Evening Post of May 12th, 1921*):

"Lloyd George overruled the unanimous report of the expert commission which assigned Danzig in absolute possession to Poland."

Would you mind publishing which of these two statements is correct?

New York City. FREDERICK A. BROWN.

[Mr. Strunsky is right. "Germany," in my sentence, was a slip of the pen. A. J.]

The Wild Ass

SIR: How impressively the representative of the great Republic prances into the limelight at the Court of St. James! And how still is Wilson, while Harvey postures and paws.

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep."

Charleston, South Carolina. THEODORE D. JERVEY.

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Books and Things

IT cannot be said of Joseph Conrad that he dwells on earth unguessed at. Unguessed at, if you like, was his condition during the twenty years when he dwelt at sea. Since he came ashore and began to write books we, his readers, have all been guessing at him, all been trying to decipher him, to touch the heart of his mystery, and the sum total of our efforts is no great thing. Not that he ever does anything for the sake of baffling us. On the contrary. With superb candor and passion he has been giving us, for more than twenty years now, a record of his perceptions and choices, of his loyalties and faiths. Even when, as a novelist, he seeks exactness and persuasiveness by a method that is intricate, there is no intricacy in his heart. In his heart, we feel sure, there is a great clearness. Yet our impression that Mr. Conrad is somehow inaccessible abides, and will abide with us, I imagine, always.

Certainly this inaccessibility survives a reading of his new book, Notes on Life and Letters (Doubleday, Page & Company). Here he has collected some twenty-five articles, of which the earliest was published in 1898 and the latest in 1919 or 1920. Here we meet a different Mr. Conrad and the same. Here we renew our acquaintance with the lover of the English merchant service, which he praises with that conviction that heroes are human beings which is so much more persuasive than the more idealizing forms of praise. We find him writing here about the loss of the Titanic with humor and the most generous anger. His article called Autocracy and War, written while Russia and Japan were still fighting each other, is remarkable for the kind of wisdom that is foresight. His brief essay on Guy de Maupassant reveals Mr. Conrad, even to those who most dissent from his belief that Maupassant "looks with an eye of profound pity upon men's troubles, deceptions and misery," as a literary critic whose insight is profound. Even in the two or three articles about books of no importance, books which interested Mr. Conrad not at all, there are passages of imaginative wisdom. These Notes on Life and Letters tell us something new about their author, something we are grateful for knowing. They show that as an essayist too he keeps his place among the high spirits who "call the past out of its grave," who save "things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed," and give them to us, for our own, to keep.

Mr. Conrad's own description of this collection of articles is "a thin array (for such a stretch of time) of really innocent attitudes: Conrad literary, Conrad political, Conrad reminiscent, Conrad controversial. Well, yes! A one-man show—or is it merely the show of one man? The only thing that will not be found amongst those Figures and Things that have passed away, will be Conrad *en pantoufles*. It is constitutional inability. *Schlafrock und Pantoffeln!* Not that! Never." Well, the absence of this domestic picture, much though I should like its presence, is not what I have in mind when I repeat that Mr. Conrad is one of the most inaccessible and mysterious of living great men. "Conrad *en pantoufles*," if we had him so, would probably be merely an addition to the number of those clear parts out of which we keep trying and failing to make a clear whole. Our curiosity is too eagerly constructive to be satisfied on any such terms.

Eager constructiveness is of course only one aspect of our curiosity, which might as well be called a mistaken attempt at simplification. Take, for an example of the difficulty of reducing to formula not Mr. Conrad himself, but some much simpler thing, say his remarks in this book upon his own art, the novelist's. You can not resume them in a theory. He appears to suspect the motives of novelists who treat themselves to a theory of their undertaking. Daudet, he writes, "neglected his interests to the point of never propounding a theory for the purpose of giving a tremendous significance to his art, alone of all things, in a world that, by some strange oversight, has not been supplied with an obvious meaning." Perhaps, just as he respects life too much not to be amused, rather scornfully amused, at the discoverers of keys to the riddle of the universe, so he respects the art of fiction too much to stunt its growth by laying down laws for its practice. Fiction "stands on firmer ground" than history, which "is based on documents, and the reading of print—on second-hand impression," whereas fiction is "an imaginative effort finding its inspiration from the reality of forms and sensations." Art "owes its triumphs and its subtle influence to the fact that it issues straight from one organic vitality, and is a movement of life-cells with their matchless unintellectual knowledge."

When Mr. Conrad speaks of the art of fiction, whether of the novelist's inspiration or of the novelist at his desk, a recurring word is "renunciation." He would require of the novelist, he tells us, "many acts of faith of which the first would be the cherishing of an undying hope, and hope, it will not be contested, implies all the piety of effort and renunciation." This means, I suppose, renunciation of the many hopes that must be vain, in a world not apparently made to the order of sentimentalists, for the sake of those fewer hopes which may live on the grudging soil and in the harsh air of reality. And no artist need expect to repeat all that life has said to him: "That a sacrifice must be made, that something has to be given up, is the truth engraved in the innermost recesses of the fair temple built for our edification by the masters of fiction. There is no other secret behind the curtain. All adventure, all love, every success is resumed in the supreme energy of an act of renunciation." Nor is this renunciation ever for its own sake. Its function, according to Mr. Conrad, is plain: "Like faith, enthusiasm or heroism, art veils part of the truth of life to make the rest appear more splendid, inspiring, or sinister." Most characteristic of all, perhaps, is this passage: "Action in its essence, the creative art of a writer of fiction may be compared to rescue work carried out in darkness against cross gusts of wind swaying the action of a great multitude. It is rescue work, this snatching of vanishing phases of turbulence, disguised in fair words, out of the native obscurity into a light where the struggling forms may be seen, seized upon, endowed with the only possible form of permanence in this world of relative values —the permanence of memory."

No, the sources of Mr. Conrad's austere, compassionate, ironic imagination lie high up the mountain slope, in places difficult of access. We shall not find all the springs which feed the master-current of his brain, not for all our trying. There is even something irrelevant about the attempt to formulate an opinion of one who looks upon opinions, upon their struggle and clash, not with indifference but with an intense consciousness that the real warfare of the world is waged by things that lie deeper. And why try to satisfy our curiosity about a man and an artist whose privilege it is, the more he tells of himself, to leave curiosity the more unsatisfied? Mr. Conrad inspires us with the sort of inquisitiveness we feel about the future. "His philosophy," as he says of another great artist, "does not matter (unless to the solemn and naive mind)."

P. L.

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Where Economic Democracy Works

Denmark: A Cooperative Commonwealth, by Frederic C. Howe. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

DENMARK is a small country but there is enough of it to point the moral of progress through evolution to economic democracy. Out of the slough of poverty and despair of the early seventies the nation has managed to raise itself to a condition of general well-being not equalled anywhere else on the European continent. Nowhere else in the world—except possibly, in Russia—is opportunity so nearly equalized among all the people. Nowhere does the common man—small farmer and workman—count for so much in national politics and the captains of industry and kings of finance for so little. Mr. Howe's book tells us this, but it had been told before. What is more important in his contribution is the account of how it was done.

It was not the work of a statesman or of an inspired group of social reformers that set the Danish people in the path of democratic progress. So far as the credit belongs to any one man, it belongs to the educator Grundtvig, who revolted against the conventional scheme of instruction, on the ground that it created a learned class apart and left the masses of the people in darkness. Out of Grundtvig's agitation sprang the People's High Schools, better calculated than any other existing institution to cultivate among peasants and workers a taste for serious thinking and a capacity for applying trained intelligence to the business of everyday work and living. Not the training of workers for manual employment, but the general training of the intellect of the manual workers is the purpose of these schools. Their instruction lies close to the field of labor, as the mind of the worker does. But they have turned out men whose competence is not restricted to narrow fields. It is a remarkable fact that thirty per cent of the members of the representative legislative body received training in the People's High Schools. Mr. Howe's account of these and other Danish schools will interest everyone who has found himself baffled by our own unsolved educational problems.

This educational renaissance has had a direct bearing upon the problem of economic liberation. Fifty years ago the masses of the people were extremely poor. Their agricultural methods were primitive and they suffered under the overwhelming competition of sea borne staples. But through the application of their awakening intelligence and through patient and unremitting cooperative effort they succeeded in adapting their agriculture to the world trade situation and in preserving for themselves the fruits of their labors. They attacked the strongholds of the middlemen, one after another, and carried them. It must have been with much personal cost that the Danish peasant, characterized since time out of mind by a stubborn individualism, an indisposition to admit any idea from outside into his three cornered head, thus permitted himself to be merged into the most pervasive cooperative organization existing. There is in his experience a sufficient refutation of the dogma that the American farmer will never cooperate "because he is too individualistic." He has not cooperated hitherto chiefly because he has looked upon rising land values as a compensation for current exploitation. Sooner or later he will learn, like his Danish fellow, that the individual farmer is helpless against the combinations that grow up against him.

The Danish farmer has not scorned politics. He has not looked to politics to free him from the necessity of cooperative self-help, but he has realized that the economic agrarian movement requires a political arm, just as our own farmers of the Northwest are coming to realize the same thing.

Economically Danish democratic evolution has levelled up, not down. But how does the soul fare in this state of comfortable equality? Mr. Howe asked himself this question; but his preoccupation with economics promptly got him by the ears. He has a chapter entitled The Soul of the People. But the material put under this promising caption is indicated by the sub-heads *"Farming as a Fine Art*—The Danish farmer studies hogs and chickens . . . *Breeding Fine Cattle*—Danish butter commands the best price . . . *Studying Cows*—Cattle are generally stall fed." And the last sentence of this disquisition on the soul is this: "As soon as a cow ceases to pay it is fed up for the butcher."

Well, Mr. Howe has written a very intelligent and intelligible book on the economics of Danish democracy. And if one does not find this treatment of the Danish soul wholly adequate, he may turn to the writings of Nexö.

A. J.

Pierre Hamp in Vienna

Les Chercheurs d'Or, par Pierre Hamp. Paris: Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française.

I WONDER if the American public reads Pierre Hamp? It is well worth while, for Pierre Hamp is among the most powerful of our writers and among the most individual of our contemporaries. "Jack of all trades, master of"—*all!*

Pierre Hamp is a strong man; he has worked at every trade: were it necessary he would work at more! He has been a cook, a navvy, a station-master, a bureaucrat, a factory inspector and he is now in business; but whatever he is and whatever he does, he always retains his unconquerable attachment to the working class and the socialist platform, and his no less invincible attachment to his vocation of man of letters. He wrote when he was a cook: I can imagine him as organizing director of a trust, but still a socialist and still a writer.

His work has always furnished substance for his books. When an artisan he described the labor of the workman (Le Travail Invincible). When a factory inspector he wrote two excellent books on poverty in the industrial centres of the north of France (L'Enquête) and on the moral and material conditions of the modern worker (Les Metiers Blessés). And now, as a business man, he writes of business.

He has been to Vienna, he has witnessed the terrible gamble now going on there, so Vienna is the setting of this new book. His Treasure Seekers are the speculators who throw themselves upon the famished town to explore, exploit and plunder.

This book of Pierre Hamp's has not met, even in France, with the success it deserves. I believe that its very power alienates the public: it is about the hardest and most

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cynical reading that I know, a cruel but accurate indictment of our times—and in all this there is nothing agreeable. Vienna is near to Paris, and her distress, though unshared, is a sombre proximity that saddens and perhaps disquiets us. This Famine that has returned to Europe, where will it stop? One or two more wars (perhaps they are not far off) and France, like Austria, will go hungry. The tragedy of Vienna is the culminating point of the tragedy that had all Europe for a stage. Pierre Hamp realizes this; a keen observer, a powerful narrator, he keeps his eyes very wide open: and the reader is compelled to open his eyes too. And it is not everyone who cares for that.

Here you shall see Vienna, one of the fairest and most delightful cities of pre-war Europe; but sunk now under the anaemia and discouragement of a long period of want. Here you shall see a population with livid faces and worn-out clothes, moving wearily under a sky as pure as though we were in the midst of fields, for no smoke goes up from the silent factories and unlit hearths. "The feeble breath of weak listless humanity leaves the air clear as in the heart of the country."

In the great hotels business is done, amusement sought, money quickly gained is freely spent, and the Viennese grisettes are paid to dance for the pleasure of the guest and the oblivion of their own cares. But the people of the suburbs live in want, worn out by long privation. Pierre Hamp takes us to the American canteens which have enabled more than two hundred thousand children to keep body and soul together.

> Rows of docile children file up to the counters to receive, each in his turn, a ladle-full of cocoa and a chunk of white bread offered on a fork.
>
> Two sisters with plaited hair wearing velvet caps covering the ears shivered close to one another standing with only one naked foot on the ground. Like storks, posing on one leg, they propped themselves shoulder to shoulder. They had not yet got the habit of going unshod like the boys who boldly stamped the earth with their red and muddy feet. Luckier playmates wore rag slippers leaving a wet track as they walked.
>
> 'Leather goods,' said Mr. Aldridge, 'shoes, travelling bags, purses, have been largely exported since the armistice by the Italians. Whole trainloads have been received at Trieste.'
>
> A little girl, equipped with a pair of man's boots in which her thin ankles trembled like clappers in a pair of bells hustled the lads and pushed in front of them. When scolded and sent back to her place she wept bitterly as though some great misfortune had befallen her, and the Directress, surprised to see so much grief after so much audacity, found out the cause—the child had on her feet the only pair of shoes the family possessed, and her brother was waiting hungry at home until she should return and give them up to him.
>
> —They are people in whom pride is not yet dead, they don't like their children to be seen barefoot in the streets.
>
> Watchful of every vibration of this great misery, the Directress went like a mother to the most wretched of the little creatures, giving them a good place in the well-drilled file that passed before the tureens of cocoa and the piles of white bread. They held out military pannikins, and mugs stamped with the Imperial double-headed eagle with its spread wings. This crowd of famished children used up the refuse tins and tissues of the Imperial army,—military cloth furnished the slippers on their feet and the caps upon their heads.
>
> The faded tone of their shabby garments matched the paleness of their faces. Not one round red cheek flowered this childhood. The most ravenous among them put their lips to the mug as soon as the ladle had filled it, drinking and munching as they went, unable to restrain themselves till they reached the benches provided for them. A little girl passed (to the exit) her elbows held tightly to her sides as though she were very cold. The child policeman (a little lad of ten with an armlet marked Ordner), shook her, and a piece of white bread fell from under her left armpit. After this incident the lad made all hold up their arms as they went out and they passed before him like soldiers surrendering. The little smuggler, forced to eat her ration, sobbed.
>
> 'For whom wouldst thou keep it?' asked the Directress.
>
> 'For Mummy. If I bring her back nothing she smacks me.'
>
> Over this consuming wretchedness Mr. Aldridge spread the proud banner of America.
>
> 'We alone give food. True, the English have founded a Relief Fund but so far they have more offices than goods. Come and see all that *we* are doing.'

On this lugubrious background, so well sketched in, move our five personages, a Czech, a Parisian, a Jew, an American, an Austrian nobleman. They combine their speculations and from time to time let fall an alms of twenty thousand crowns—which cost them, at the rate of exchange a thousand francs or some sixty to seventy dollars.

The speculation which brings them together and occupies them is important for "Human poverty is a gold mine," writes Hamp, "and the destitute sell themselves cheap. One can buy men in Vienna."

"Nothing great except the plunder has yet been carried out," says one of his personages; "neither the tobacco monopoly that we are going to have, nor the water power trust, nor the labor market."

To work on a large scale our Treasure Seekers would found a "Bank for Goods and Work" of which the capital should be a stock of raw materials with factories in the low wage countries—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland. With goods enough to find work for twenty-five thousand women at forty crowns a day they would save eighteen million francs (about one million two hundred thousand dollars) per week on the difference in wages. For in France the lowest salary is twelve francs for an eight hour day.

Is it not true then that poverty is gold? And exhausted though he be, the Viennese artisan can still work; for in his accustomed task man finds his last reserve of strength —and in working spends it. "When a man has the habit of sawing wood he can still saw wood well, even when he appears to be utterly incapable. He gives strength to the tool and the tool gives him strength."

Work in common increases this resistance to exhaustion and "in a body of men working together one does not see all their wretchedness as in their solitude: at work they are not merely themselves but their handicraft." So they toil on, poor creatures, and in earning their pittance enrich the Treasure Seekers.

. . . .

Our Treasure Seekers are not men of ideas, far from it; public events have small interest for them; but the emergency of overthrown Europe is so pressing and so violent, its sway is so tyrannical over private life, over business, over commerce that one must perforce think of it.

Our adventurers, as Hamp portrays them, are cynics, not cumberers, and have their function, exercised unconsciously just as the mole, ploughing its path, turns up the soil and

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enriches it. Now, all these men despite their diversity of nationality and character have one thought, one judgment common to them all: for all condemn the Treaty of Versailles. The Austrian, Hungarian, and Czech, united with the Frenchman, American, Italian are all striving to reestablish for the good of commerce the exchanges that used to exist between Austria-Hungary and Bohemia. And what does this mean? Unconsciously they strive to rebuild the empire of the Habsburgs, to reconstruct for business what policy has destroyed, and it exasperates them that they have to work amid ruins. "The Habsburg and Hohenzollern men on horseback were guilty of one crime, this war," says the American, "and four sedentary men, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Wilson, Orlando, are guilty of another crime, this peace."

Defining his thought again, the American, Aldridge, reflects that "a country need not be in its natural boundaries where every man speaks the same language, but where man finds his greatest power for work."

Is not this Pierre Hamp's thought too? He does not say it, but neither does he deny it, and he allows Mr. Aldridge to explain and defend his theory very fully. One sees that the author is on his side, and at this moment many socialists are with them seeking some foundation other than the fanaticism of race for the association of human beings, and believing that they have found it in the order of economy and the harmony of exchange.

Let them beware! If it be Scylla there, 'tis Charybdis here: there the tyranny of blood and of man's primitive brutality, but here the tyranny of material interest, the most oppressive of all. The vast economic associations in which man "has his greatest power of work" cannot be beloved of man: to them man will never devote himself. "Mittel Europa" is one of these associations but it can endure only while a powerfully armed state imposes union and guarantees by force the free play of the money-getters. An economic unity it not a motherland; it is but a firm-state, and a firm needs police protection for its work. Can it be that we have here the best possible solution of the problem? Perhaps so. But for liberals and anti-militarist socialists to say this would be to confess their own defeat; and so they do not say it clearly. Keen in criticism (Pierre Hamp's book is a model of keenness) they are guarded in statement, if only for the good reason that they do not exactly know what they wish—and this is at the heart of the immense danger of Central Europe, even of all Europe. She too does not know clearly what she wants. For the empires of gold and iron that have brought such cruel suffering upon her inspire her with hatred; the nationalist barbarity in which she reacts and takes refuge inspires her with shame: thus torn in twain she struggles and we should write *she dies* if the rest of death could exist for nations. Will she venture on some federation? Federation implies friendship, and the most violent antagonism exists. So it may be there is nothing between these two systems except the activity of these hated Treasure Seekers who run the risk of being sent to the gallows one fine morning by the whole of outraged Europe.

Let us listen to one of Pierre Hamp's heroes, the Jew, Salzbach: "The spirit of trade is stronger than the spirit of justice; and for the peace of nations it is better to look for wealth than right." Error! Error! Man makes revolutions and wars for the right; but for money, too, man makes wars and revolutions.

DANIEL HALÉVY.

Phases of the Labor Problem

The Frontier of Control, by Carter Goodrich. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The Church and Labor, by John A. Ryan and Joseph Husslein. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Church Finance and Social Ethics, by Francis J. McConnell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

International Relations of Labor, by David H. Miller. New York: A. A. Knopf.

Labor's Crisis, by Sigmund Mendelsohn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Labor and Revolt, by Stanley Frost. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE recent books on labor are largely the studies of specialists in some small segment of the field which each has developed intensively. They range from such painstaking pieces of research as Mr. Goodrich's study of the extent of shop control by workers in Great Britain to such loose pieces of flamboyant rhetoric as that offered by Mr. Frost regarding the menace of Bolshevism. The church is significantly present with its points of view and Mr. Mendelsohn writes as an employer.

In method and quality of workmanship Mr. Goodrich's study is a model. It shows that despite great power in the English labor unions and great strides in broad political influence, the range of subjects over which the workers inside the shop have voice or authority is restricted and does not in the aggregate constitute a serious encroachment upon the usual managerial prerogatives. No conclusions are drawn by Mr. Goodrich as to the meaning of his facts. But had he been willing to philosophize, he must almost inevitably have shown that in the conduct of shop affairs the workers have not yet appreciated the educational value to themselves of seeking aggressively to share responsibility over production problems. It is less lack of power than lack of will which has kept the frontier of control so scattered and depopulated.

The discussion of the Catholic Church's position on industrial issues is highly significant. Not only is the remarkable platform of the National Catholic War Council reproduced in Father Husslein's and Ryan's book but the gradually broadening stand of the church hierarchy on the whole labor question is shown. In the light of the documents it is unmistakable that the Church's liberal attitude toward labor represents one of the constructive influences at work today and the courage of its present position deserves wider appreciation.

Indeed in precision and clarity of statement the Catholic position seems more effective than that of the Methodists as voiced in Bishop McConnell's interesting study of the Church's obligations in respect to its own immediate and organized contacts with business and industry. He is not resurrecting the old "tainted money" controversy but stating the responsibilities of the church as philanthropist, investor and employer. He raises basic questions; but to say that he answers them, one could less confidently assert. Yet his full appreciation that church endowments, denominational boards with their vested interests and property accumulations do constitute problems, is in itself a great gain. To go beyond that is to face problems which are complex in the extreme. The church official has various groups to consider within his own household; his audience is mixed, often timid and usually unfamiliar with the technical meaning of the industrial and economic vocabulary. If one gets just the slightest suggestion in this essay of an

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attempt to face both ways at once, that is not to be wondered at. Take, for example, Bishop McConnell's discussion of interest. He says flatly that "the possession of interest-bearing bonds and of perfectly legitimate mortgages gives the Church a stake in the continuance of interest producers." But what of it? "The Church may conceivably," he suggests, "be called upon to entertain propositions which may not be popular in the business world." What is it then to do? The answer here given is that we shall sooner or later have to agree "that some men will never see Christianity in its social bearing until the church strides forth to the market place to buy and sell honestly, until the church employs laborers and treats them according to the Christ standards, and until the church uses its funds to lift on high the doctrine of the stewardship of wealth." One is tempted to ask about that word "honestly," about the "Christ standards" as helpful in stating whether a six-hour day or an eight-hour day is better, about the adequacy of the "stewardship" idea in determining the relationship of the individual or group with capital to those who do not have it. In short, the churchman's approach to the labor problem is a most intricate intellectual feat. And unless the clergy are willing to follow rather than lead, it demands a courage and preciseness of mind as yet all too rare.

Mr. Miller has performed a valuable service in showing our unconvinced American public that the League of Nations is very much alive, and especially in respect to the International Labor Commission very much in action. The fact of group representation—of employers and organized workers—no less than of delegates representing governments in the international labor conventions, marks an advance in the idea of functional representation which is destined sooner or later to carry over into the constitution of other international agencies. The businesslike way in which the International Labor Office has gotten under way with its studies and publications and the several nations in the League have begun passing labor legislation agreed upon in the first convention, may even be a sign that the most active phase of international cooperation in the near future can be in the field of equalizing labor conditions the world over.

Speaking as an employer, Mr. Mendelsohn says a few words on many subjects, but his treatment lacks the unifying impulse of a consistent point of view toward the labor question and lacks the clarifying definiteness that knowledge of technical personnel procedure could have supplied. He well illustrates the truth that in the next few decades generalized goodwill will not suffice if the particularized method is not also presented to give a clue for the executive in action. Perhaps his most valuable contribution is his emphasis on the idea that "labor unrest" is not a transitory condition, but a manifestation of that divine discontent which is universal.

Mr. Frost, too excited to consider methods, convinced by very scanty evidence that some vast destructive conspiracy is corrupting the manual working group, provides reading matter which undoubtedly gives a pleasant thrill of fear and threatened mastery to elderly members of upper Fifth Avenue clubs. And in so far as it tends to keep alive in industry a fear psychology—a psychology of strict authority, military discipline and the iron hand—the book serves an unfortunate end. More probably, however, its influence will be slight because of its obvious bias, its turgid repetitions and its readiness to translate rumor into fact without the annoyance of investigation.

One of the prices the modern community should be glad to pay for easy printing is the production of a swarm of material bound into books and therefore in the eyes of the unwary possessed of a certain air of authority without the substantive authority which true expertness gives. Yet nothing is more dangerous in the social sciences than to take the printed page at its face value. Is not the time near at hand when the discriminating reader will demand a biographical sketch and a statement of the present affiliations of the author in the preface of every contribution to social engineering? Only by some such device as this can we protect ourselves from being inundated by printer's ink.

ORDWAY TEAD.

Synthetic Russia

Red Flowers, by Francis Haffkine Snow. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THIS novel is a curious transplantation. Mr. Snow, who, the publishers tell us, has lived long in Russia, seems to know his people at first hand, and has tried to make of the life of "educated" Russians dawdling at a summer resort, with its aimless, reckless love-making, its interminable discussions, the cloud of futility hanging over its hopeless, workless days, a novel that should catch these defeated minor strains of music and at the same time be an exciting, happy-ending romance of the kind that most of the world feeds on. And so, like many another romance, the result, far from catching the notes of reality, is very much like a day dream, for the hero is an American, of the sub-god, clean-limbed breed, with "athletic torso," "leonine face," "smouldering blue eyes," and arms that, when he's swimming, "rise and fall like piston-rods." Naturally enough he storms all Beauty's forts, and falls into the arms of the right girl, the sweet girl, at the last. The story is banal, its scenery dim to the eye, its characters unreal mannikins, its texture gritty, but to this commonplace mixture Mr. Snow has somehow added a foreign flavor, mild yet permeating.

Selected Current Books

The Industrial and Commercial Revolutions in Great Britain During the Nineteenth Century, by L. C. A. Knowles. Dutton.

> An attempt "to bring out the causes which led to the coming of machinery and which made Great Britain the workshop of the world for a large part of the nineteenth century."

The American Empire, by Scott Nearing. Rand School of Social Science.

> A discussion of imperialistic tendencies in the United States.

Anthony Hamilton, by Ruth Clark. John Lane.

> A study of the life, works and family of the author of The Memoirs of Count Grammont.

Revolution, by J. D. Beresford. Putnam's.

> "A story of the near future in England."

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